Saturday Night

December 26, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

OUR A couple of weeks ago we were fed up with Christmas. There were Santa Clauses by the dozen, all exuding a particularly sickening kind of phoney bonhomie; there was no escape from the constant clamor of carols, sleigh bells and hollow ho-ho-hos; the city seemed to be one great loudspeaker, mocking the destruction of silent nights, and the only call answered by the faithful was that of the hucksters, who cried so well that the streets were becoming impassable and the shops maelstroms of sweaty, grabbing humanity.

But then, we feel the same way every year, two weeks before Christmas. For us, it is the time when the tide of Yule is at low ebb, exposing all the muddy debris of commercialized holiness. Then the tide turns and we begin to feel the power of its flow. We see people stop and listen to the carols, and look as if for one breathless moment they were hearing it all for the first time; and the shoving of the crowds in the streets is done, not with snarling vindictiveness, but with indestructible good humor. There is, after all, a Christmas spirit —and it is not the tinsel and baubles and candy-cane senti-

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National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., Mellon Collection

THE MADONNA OF HUMILITY by Fra Angelico (1387-1455)

Cherry Heering

Denmark's liqueur delight since 1818

All your guests will enjoy it —anytime!

*Water plain or sparkling reveals whisky's true natural flavour.

The Public Prints

Le Devoir: When a company wants to obtain municipal favors in such and such a city or town, it chooses at least two, gets into touch with the authorities, puffs up flamboyant and beautiful projects and then "hesitates." Do you follow us? It hesitates just long enough to befuddle everybody. So then the towns or villages put themselves up at auction. It is a question which shall give itself away for nothing. Tax exemptions are promised,—which the legislature ratifies after a little speech by the premier on this dangerous practice on which it is well to come to a decision now and again. . . The company waits. It hesitates some more. It hesitates systematically, prudently, furiously. The municipalities wonder what more they can offer. Then the company chooses the one that gives the most.

Edmonton Journal: General Naguib's reforming government in Egypt has just made tattooing a criminal offence. The law is particularly directed against the ancient Egyptian custom by which children are tattooed on the forehead to protect them against evil spirits. The general has announced, with great confidence, that there are no evil spirits.

Whether this decree will have much effect is doubtful. Many governments in the past have legislated against popular superstitions, only to find them too deeply rooted to change. Besides, there is always an element of tempting fate about such legislation.

Le Droit, Ottawa: British judges do not believe that imprisonment is the best corrective for the majority of those who pass through their courts. Any prison is, in spite of precautions, susceptible of permanently contaminating new criminals who have fallen, through momentary weakness . . . The Canadian Welfare Council is actively concerned with this question here. It wants a system of conditional or supervised liberty extended to a much greater proportion of criminals. For that purpose it will be necessary to have a much greater number of supervising agents. It would be equally opportune to bring about certain changes in the criminal code which limits too much the power of the judges when they desire to avoid imprisonment for the accused. In setting up these parallels with what has been accomplished elsewhere, Canada can find ways of improving its penal system. In the field of crime, rehabilitation of the criminal should take priority over punishment.

Calgary Albertan: Imagine! Somebody asking permission to reduce the price of his product. But that's what Canadian Pacific Air Lines has done with its Oriental service. Business has been good between Tokyo and Vancouver, and the company wants to make it even better. So it wants to reduce the rate. Since international rates are subject to control, permission has to be obtained. This is another instance of enterprise and efficiency paying off, to the benefit of the consumer.

J. V. McAree in the Toronto Globe and Mail: No special day ought to be necessary to remind Canadians of their debt to

(1) Geography.
(2) Christopher Columbus.
(3) Their ancestors.

For none of these things have they the slightest responsibility. All were given to them. Their ancestors might have gone to Turkey or Russia or Bulgaria or China. Instead they chose Canada which today is about the safest and the pleasantest place in the world to dwell. It may not be so always, for we have been learning that this is one world. The affairs of one increasingly affect the others. Nevertheless, it is impossible to believe that Canada will ever be like Korea or Trieste.

Peterborough Examiner: In order to maintain a well-balanced perspective, the person who has a dog to worship him should also have a cat to ignore him.

London Free Press: From Old London comes word of discovery of a pair of leather scanties, resembling the lower half of a Bikini bathing suit, which are estimated to be 1,900 years old. That the Roman inhabitants of Britain should have had their form of burlesque, complete with the usual costume, is no particular news. But it is too bad we have lost the secret of making leather that would last nearly 2,000 years. We've never had brogues like that.

The Brandon Sun: Those who support the government's monopoly of television and its strict control over radio, argue that broadcasting is a public utility which must be regulated in the interests of the people. There may, many years ago, have been a measure of fact in this argument; today there is none, except in the special case of the personnel manning ships, aircraft and isolated government establishments, dependent on broadcasting for safety or for the transaction of daily business, and all these have their own short-wave frequencies assigned to them. Domestic broadcasting channels are employed by licensees to provide the general public with news and entertainment. In this, their function is no different from that of the daily press.

Domestic broadcasting, both radio and television, is, then, a form of publishing. And since when has it become the duty of a democratic government to regulate publishing in the interests of the people?

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ment of the people in the market places, but the joy, only dimly understood perhaps, of millions that the Christ-child was set upon this earth.

The shoddiness has fallen away now, and it is a time of joy—joy in sharing, in giving and receiving, in the continuing wonder of the faith that remains the only hope of peace on earth. There is joy in the very saying of "Merry Christmas."

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The Unsurprised

FOR GAY omniscience, there is no one like a sports commentator. The crystal balls are never clouded, the ouija-boards never bumbling, the tea leaves always in a proper prophetic pattern. We discovered this truth many years ago when we had the job of writing about sports, and we pass it along now to the bemused reader who reported hearing, the other night, the brisk voice of a commentator saying, "Well, at the Stadium today we had the surprise result that I expected."

Magic for the People

HOWEVER LACKING a touch of magic may be at the United Nations and in the chancelleries of the world this Christmas, it's heartening to know that there's plenty of it around the nation's living-rooms. We got this bit of information from John Giordmaine, a nimble magician who called in to see us a few days ago with a gaggle of multiplying billiard balls, a handkerchief that kept changing color every time he pulled it from his pocket, and a wrist watch a shade smaller than a soup plate.

He handed us a wire puzzle. "An idea of my own," he said. "I've sold 6,000 of them in Canada, and last year at the magicians' convention in Philadelphia it managed to puzzle quite a few of the fellows. It's a simple trick and that's why it's successful—all the best tricks are simple ones. I've tried just about everything during my 30 years in the business. I've produced six-foot women out of thin air, made horses disappear and done a stage version of the Indian rope trick, but they're all cheating really, done with mirrors and expensive mechanical devices instead of plain illusion and sleight of hand.

"There isn't much of a full-time living to be made out of magic these days. I'm one of the few in Canada to do it" (he runs the magic counter in a Toronto department store), "and that's mostly by dealing in small tricks, the kind people can hide in their pockets. I have all kinds of surprising customers, lawyers, businessmen, even a policeman or two. My son, Joe—he's 20—is quite skilful, but he's spending more time studying chemistry than magic. It's not a job you can learn in a hurry, and I still have to put in plenty of practice to keep my fingers supple. When I first arrived in Canada, I was an electrical engineer. I came here from Malta, where I was born 54 years ago. I intended to go to California, but I stopped off here for three days, liked it and stayed. That was 34 years ago. I met a girl from Pittsburgh and married her; she was staying with an aunt here at the time. I didn't do any engineering, though. Magic had always fascinated me, ever since I was a small boy, when a magician had me drink a glass of water and then proceeded to tap it from my elbow. When I first started I was nervous—I once let a rabbit get away from me before I could pull it from the hat, and I found it sitting on the lap of a boy in the front row.

"I used to play the flute in the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, and once I even built a house. It was a frame building with all kinds of trick doors and things in it, but I took them all out when I sold it.

"The International Brotherhood of Magicians, which now has about 11,000 members all over the world, was founded in Canada, at Winnipeg, by a man named Len Vintus. He's still there and I see him occasionally when he comes East. We had a Canadian as International President a couple of years ago—James Lake, who lives in Toronto. Well, I've got to go now."

He left in the orthodox way—not even a puff of smoke to mark his exit. We were mildly disappointed.

Eaton Commercial Studio

JOHN GIORDMAINE entertains a couple of friends.

Occupation: Hero

OUR GREETINGS go this week to Abdul Majeed bin Mohamed Kassim, a nightwatchman in Singapore. Abdul was hauled into court by Singapore police because he had written "hero" on his national registration card in the space that called for his occupation. He had always wanted to be a hero, he told the court, but so far nothing had happened in his work that called for valor. Abdul's only fault, of course, is that he is a little more honest than most of his fellows, a Malay Mr. Mitty waiting for the chance to prove himself. Besides, heroes are cropping up in the oddest places these days—not so long ago a soldier was dishonorably discharged from the British Army for cowardice, then found himself a hero in his home town. And who can say that being a nightwatchman in Singapore is not a hero's job?

The Double Standard

AFTER WATCHING and reading about the antics of motorists across the country, we get the feeling that, while people do a lot of talking about the need for safety on the highways, they resent any serious attempt by police officials to do something about it. Calgary's police commissioners probably had the same uneasy thought when they decided, just the other day, not to use such sneaky means as spotters and plainclothes men to catch speeders on the city's streets. There is nothing so full of sound and fury as an errant motorist nabbed just when he feels free to break the traffic laws. Vancouver police found this out as soon as they started their present campaign to keep the streets reasonably safe for drivers and pedestrians.

Gordon Ambrose, traffic superintendent of the Vancouver police department, said at the start of the drive that "beginning immediately, the police will use every possible device to lower the accident rate, including plainclothes policemen, spotters, unmarked cars and even commercial trucks." There was a great outcry from enraged motorists, who yelped about "secret police" and "undemocratic methods"; similar screams of outrage have come from other communities where police have shed their uniforms and used unmarked cars to help them in their struggle against traffic offenders.

To a considerable number of drivers, it seems, democracy is a condition of undetected crime, and the breaking of a law is culpable only if the police have given proper warning of their presence before the offence occurs. They are in this frame of mind only when they are drivers, of course; as soon as they become bricklayers and businessmen, salesmen and steeplejacks, they want the police to act with utmost vigor and cunning against the burglars, bandits and other criminals who menace the safety of society. The odd thing is that the motorists see nothing strange in this double standard of morality; until they do, there's nothing much the police or anyone else can do about the problem of traffic safety, except nibble at it.

Hunting Methods

A READER who objects violently to our criticism of McCarthyism has written us about it, giving as evidence of the Senator's sound, homely philosophy what is apparently one of "the great" man's favorite sayings: "You don't go skunk-hunting in top hat, stiff shirt and tails." We admit we have never seen a skunk-hunter so attired, but it might be amusing, particularly since the dress would not interfere much with the hunting. There is another aphorism of hunting we recall seeing somewhere, however, and it goes like this: "If you're after rabbits, a beagle's all right, but if you're after birds, you want a dog that keeps his mouth shut and points."

An Approach to Peace

WHEN PRESIDENT Eisenhower spoke to the United Nations a couple of weeks ago, he sketched the outlines of a magnificent plan: a world bank of atomic energy which could be drawn on for the "peaceful pursuits of mankind." No attack made on the proposal has lessened its power, and no amount of cloudy criticism can dim its bright promise, because the speech was the first constructive step towards true peace taken in many a long, weary day.

Until Mr. Eisenhower spoke, relations between the great nations of the earth seemed to have settled into the rigid pattern that governs childish squabbles, where one youngster sticks out his tongue and the other yells "So's your old man," and the outbreaks are separated by intervals of me-tooism, with one aping the words and actions of the other. The President's proposal may not have shattered the pattern, but at the very least it introduced a welcome variant; he said in effect, "Let's forget the name-calling and threats for the moment, while we try to find some common ground on which we can build instead of destroy."

It is important for Mr. Eisenhower that the proposal did a great deal to restore his prestige at home and abroad, but it is important for us all that he showed a way out of the deadly maze into which we had been led by our fear of the Atom. We

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have been trying to nurture the tender plant of Peace in the harsh climate of armaments; the President's plan gives us a chance to move the young plant to more fruitful soil, under a softer sun.

One criticism of the plan is that it can only be effective if the Russians are honestly willing to co-operate, but there is no reason why a start could not be made on it even though the Russians remain stubbornly distrustful. This is much more than just another challenge to the Kremlin to prove the sincerity of its expressed desire for peace. It can be a means not only of consolidating the friendship of free nations but of overcoming the suspicion of the unfriendly. Even within the framework of the United Nations there could be an arrangement for sharing the knowledge and fruits of atomic energy used for peaceful purposes. If Russia wants to stay outside for a while, let her; the remainder will still benefit, and by example would put great pressure on the Soviet isolationists. With Russia a participant, the sharing of the peaceful Atom could well lead to proper international control of its uses for war.

Players in Court

A DRAMA GROUP in Calgary was prosecuted and fined $5 a few weeks ago for charging admission to a play presented on a Sunday. Were the players and others engaged in the production thus damned as criminals, full of sin, and damned for godlessness? Of course not. The moral of such prosecutions is that the Lord's Day Act is an archaic bit of legislation foisted upon us by those who believe that the path to salvation must be paved with prohibitions.

Shoes for Cinderella

WHEN WE heard that Cinderella was still having trouble with shoes, we went around to the offices of the New Play Society in Toronto and there met Jacqueline Smith, a pert, tiny blonde who is Cinderella in the Society's Christmas pantomime. "It's quite true about the shoes," she said, "and I wish it wasn't. Back home in Vancouver there were several shops that kept my size in stock, but I'm having my troubles here. I take a size 4 shoe, and I don't even bother to go inside most stores because they have notices in their windows, stating quite clearly that they stock sizes 4½ to 9. Because of my size, I've even had trouble getting clothes to fit me. It's frustrating to be told to 'try the children's department.' How can I expect to look like a sophisticated wife and actress when I'm wearing kid's duds?"

"I was married just over a year ago. My husband, who is from Vancouver too, does publicity for the Ontario Hydro. I'm afraid he had a tough time of it when we first met. I was appearing in productions by the Theatre Under The Stars and working till deathly hours every night. He came East and I followed him; we were married ten days after I arrived in Toronto. Since then I've been busy with a scholarship at the Royal Conservatory, parts in the Opera Festival, *Spring Thaw* and other engagements. It's a wonder I can sing at all—when I was about nine years old it was found that my voice was fully developed and I got touted all over the place as a sort of infant prodigy. By the time I was 18, I had hardly any voice left. I went to a throat specialist and he told me that the only thing to do was to stop singing, which I did for about six years. That was unpleasant of course, but it gave me a chance to study drama, art, dancing and modelling. I even learned to play the saxophone."

She looked at her watch—Cinderella with a deadline. "About those shoes," she said. "I'm playing the part of Musetta in *La Bohème* at next Spring's Opera Festival and they're not only having to make the shoes small enough but with the heels and soles built up; otherwise I wouldn't look tall enough for the role."

Donald McKague

JACQUELINE SMITH: "Try the children's department."

A Hidden Subsidy

THE BBC got a bit of a shock the other day, when it decided to find out who, if anyone, listened to its esoteric Third Program. This melange of bird calls, professors and string quartets has long been the pride of those people in Britain and Canada who profess to believe that broadcasting must be a government monopoly if it is to maintain a proper cultural level. Well, the BBC found that only 4.8 per cent of radio listeners in Britain heard the program once a week or oftener, and 74.3 per cent never listened to it at all. But the BBC wasn't fazed, because the Third Program wasn't put on for the stupid masses anyway, but for the intellectual elite, and the next step was to make a survey of the people who could be expected to absorb culture in great gobs. Of this superior class, however, only 26 per cent listened once a week or oftener, 35 per cent never listened and the remainder tuned in occasionally. In other words, the BBC has been using public funds to subsidize a tiny minority's pleasure in the obscure, the pretentious and the pedantic. Unfortunately, Canadians pay the same sort of subsidy to appease people who think that culture and dullness are synonymous.

Check-off on the Farm

THE SUCCESS labor unions have had in getting employers to collect dues for them by deducting a fixed amount from pay cheques, whether the workers like it or not, has encouraged officials of the Saskatchewan Farmers' Union to try to sell a similar scheme to the provincial Government, but even the most rigid Socialists in the Douglas cabinet seem to be shocked by the kind of bare-faced holdup proposed by the SFU. The idea would be for the Government to pass legislation forcing municipalities to make a levy on all farmers, and the revenue thus collected would be turned over to the Farmers' Union. In other words, the SFU wants the municipalities in Saskatchewan to operate a compulsory check-off system.

A modified version of this sort of thing is carried on in Ontario, where some counties are permitted to tax their farmers one-fifth of a mill for the benefit of the county Federation of Agriculture. It is not a compulsory system, however; if the farmer does not want to contribute to the Federation, he says so and his name is taken off the county lists. The Saskatchewan group apparently isn't nearly so squeamish about the individual's rights in the matter.

Apart from the fact that municipalities these days have their hands full trying to collect enough revenue to support the services demanded of them, it is fantastic that a responsible group of men could seriously ask any responsible government to approve such a tyrannical procedure. What it reveals, of course, is a serious weakness in the Farmers' Union. If the Union enjoyed the solid support of Saskatchewan's farmers, there would be no need to talk about a compulsory levy; if the organization can convince the grain growers, the livestock producers and the others that payment of its dues is worthwhile, its treasury will not require the help of enforced taxation. If it wishes to slough off the tiresome job of collecting the dues, it can try the sort of scheme the Federations of Agriculture have managed to sell to Ontario's county councils.

The Second Sex

IT IS NO wonder that women are getting too big for their britches, figuratively and literally. Not only are their physical needs being given painfully detailed attention, but their egos are being pampered even by the two-fisted men who once were rugged individualists. The ingratiating appeals in the Help Wanted columns for stenographers, switchboard operators and similar laborers are bad enough as sops to female vanity, but even these seem innocuous beside the abasement of the advertiser who ran the following in an American newspaper: "60 women wanted to work in State Sanatorium. Good wages, board, room and laundry. Also a few men."

The National Flag

THE QUESTION of a national flag for Canada has been nicely tucked away for another session of Parliament, but it is doubtful if the matter will be handled in nearly as entertaining a fashion the next time it comes up. By the time the brief debate was over, the Liberal who introduced the question had voted to kill his own motion, and several other Liberals had voted against what they earlier said they favored.

It's easy to understand the reluctance of Mr. St. Laurent and his colleagues to do something about a Canadian flag; whatever they do, there'll be shrill screams from some part of the country. Sooner or later, however, we'll have to get us a flag that people in other lands will recognize as a symbol of Canada, and if we agree that Canada is something more than a puling infant among nations, then there's no good reason why it should not be sooner.

The committee set up by Mackenzie King in 1946 considered 2,695 designs for flags and then settled almost unanimously on an adaptation of the Red Ensign. It is only a short step removed from the Ensign which has been quietly hoisted above more and more buildings during recent years. If the present Government acted on the report of the 1946 committee we doubt if the nation would be torn by civil strife. It's as good a time as any for us to find out if we've really grown up.

Letter from London

Lady Bountiful and the Pay-Roll Cats

By Beverley Nichols

THIS YEAR the British people will have bought 500 million Christmas cards. It is a staggering figure, which works out at ten apiece for every man, woman and child in these nice little, tight little islands.

These statistics are not wishful thinking; they were specially compiled for me by the firm who make the largest number of Christmas cards in the world, and they are based on percentages worked out by the General Post Office.

But even more fascinating than these statistics is the *sort* of cards that we are sending, and the subjects that make the greatest appeal. You will, I hope, be delighted to hear that by far the most popular card, this year, shows the conventional thatched cottage, deep in snow, with the conventional holly tree, beautifully frosted.

The only thing that is lacking from this card is a robin. However, robins are very much in evidence on dozens of other cards; they are getting redder and fatter every year, which is a welcome sign of the end of austerity.

As you study the new cards of 1953, you can't help thinking that, however he may vote, the average Briton is a conservative at heart—at any rate at Christmas. Mistletoe, plum puddings, yule-logs, carol singers—they are all here. And the simple stories of the Bible are not losing, but gaining in popularity. One of the best-sellers of the present season shows the shepherds watching their flocks by night, against a background of deep blue, in which there glitters a solitary star. It is heart-warming to think of that little fragment of glass, set in a square of cardboard, shining on a million mantlepieces.

And of course, as this is Coronation Year, there are more royal cards than ever before. Even the robins on the holly trees are hard put to it to compete with the smile of Queen Elizabeth.

You can learn a lot about a country, and the mentality of its citizens, from its Christmas cards. If you look back into the past, you can learn a lot about its history, too. While I was making these enquiries, I was shown a library of cards dating back to 1843, which marked the birth of the Christmas card proper. Those cards were a mute witness to the revolution through which Britain has passed.

For instance, one of the most popular themes with the Victorians was Lady Bountiful. They could not have enough of her, or her children. We see her stepping out of her carriage, before a humble cottage — appropriately covered with snow—taking soup to her aged tenants, who receive it with various expressions of rheumatic gratitude.

We also see her children, stepping daintily towards a ruined hovel, carrying yet more soup (it is always soup), which they are about to pour down the throat of an obviously malnourished infant who gazes at them through the window.

They would have been better employed, one thinks nowadays, if they had suggested to their parents that the cottagers might have some decent sanitation. We need not mourn the decease of Lady Bountiful. She may have had a kind heart, but she was exceptionally stupid, and she was as blind as a bat to the realities of the scene across which she flitted so gracefully. She thought that all the problems of an industrial and agrarian revolution could be solved by an annual dose of soup.

Well, she has learned her lesson, poor dear. I suppose that we must not be too hard on her memory, during this season of goodwill.

At last the London Stock Exchange has been opened to the public, and every morning a long queue of men and women may be seen stretching from the entrance into the narrow, grimy thoroughfare of Throgmorton Street. I joined this queue the other day, and after about a quarter of an hour found myself in a wide gallery, framed in glass, through which one looks down at a great paper-littered hall, filled with teeming crowds of black-coated figures—the jobbers and brokers of what is still the most sensitive financial organization in the world.

Reuterphoto

YEOMAN WARDER Clark with "Whisky" of Lloyd's at the Savoy cat party.

When one sees this vast organization in actual being, it is difficult to realize that it sprang from such casual origins. In the seventeenth century—the age of Dryden and Congreve — the first stockbrokers were in the habit of conducting their business in the coffee houses around Change Alley. (An echo of those days is heard in the fact that the attendants at the Stock Exchange are called "waiters" to this day.) One would give a lot to hear the babel of conversation in those old coffee houses. There were some shady enterprises even in those days, such as a scheme for the manufacture of square cannon-balls. But there were also some brave and honorable undertakings that are still very much alive, of which one was The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay.

All this is a very long way from the present Exchange, with its 3,600 members, its clerical staff of 10,000, and its gigantic turnover, which is based on a total security value of over £25,000 million.

On the day that I went to look at the Exchange it was honored, later on, by a far more distinguished visitor, Princess Margaret . . . and very pretty she looked, in her mink coat and her diamond necklace, tripping across the floor among all those black-coated men. Needless to say, they treated her with great respect, which is more than can be said of their behavior to other members of the public who—by influence or by stealth—manage to penetrate to the floor of the house. Members are jealous of their privacy, and as soon as an outsider is spotted, he is subjected to a variety of embarrassing practical jokes. Paper balls are flicked at him, rude notices are pinned on his back. Perhaps it was wiser to stay where one was.

That famous hotel The Savoy—known to so many Canadians—has been in the news. A few weeks ago its shares, which were standing at 25 shillings, began to soar, for no apparent reason. Up and up they went . . . to 35, to 45 shillings. At the time of writing they are over 50. A "mystery" buyer was suspected; a Stock Exchange committee of enquiry was appointed, and a statement was issued suggesting that the object was to gain control of the hotel and its associates, to sell their enormously valuable freeholds, to lease them back again, and to turn out the present directors, which would mean, almost certainly, the deterioration, if not the collapse, of the greatest group of hotels in Britain.

The whole subject is *sub judice*, and it is not for me to deal with such explosive material. But I could not help thinking of it when I went along to the Savoy the other night for one of the strangest parties that can ever have been held even under its all-embracing roof—a party for Cockney cats.

It was a party in celebration of a very agreeable book of photographs, which need not concern us. But we must pause to contemplate the cats, for they were there in person (looking, I am happy to say, quite calm and unmoved in their cages), and each of them had something to tell us about London, and its rich and inexhaustible history.

Did you know, for example, that the London General Post Office has had official cats on its staff for nearly a hundred years, and that the British taxpayer contributes one shilling and sixpence a week to their upkeep? Did you know that the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, maintains a permanent company of three cats, of which the leader, named Cecil, lives in the front of the house? Nature has suitably given him a white front on his black fur, so that he gives the effect of being in permanent evening dress.

There was a Tower of London cat, a Stock Exchange cat, a cat that guards the offices of *The Times* in Printing House Square . . . there was every sort of cat except, alas, a Lord Mayor's cat. The Mansion House no longer keeps one. It seems sad that the Whittington tradition should be allowed to go by the board.

One of the most distinguished cats was the Customs House Cat; distinguished, that is to say, by its position rather than its appearance, for it was only a scruffy black kitten. Her Majesty's Customs and Excise has kept cats since the time of Chaucer, and history does not record a time when the Customs were not administered from the north shore of the Pool of London. What a record it is! Chaucer's Customs House was pulled down by Elizabeth; Elizabeth's was lost in the Great Fire; Sir Christopher Wren rebuilt it for Charles the Second—and saw it burnt down in his own lifetime. It was rebuilt, only to be destroyed by fire in 1812. Then it lasted till the war, when it was finally blitzed. But though the Commissioners, at long last, had to move to another part of the city, they left a token staff, to maintain the tradition of long, long centuries. Among that staff was the Customs House Cat, which is probably about the three hundredth of its line. We really are an extraordinary people!

IT ONLY remains for me to wish you a merry Christmas. That is not so easy as it sounds, for this month we enjoyed an extraordinary and quite unprecedented season of Spring. Daffodils were inches high in suburban gardens, roses lingered in the parks, the winter jasmine was not only in bloom but almost over. In the tubes and the buses, the weather—the eternal British talking point—was more than ever to the fore. There is a great deal of head-shaking about it too. Some people say, with agreeable vagueness, that "it's the atom." Others claim that the Gulf Stream must be changing its course. There is even a school of thought which holds the flying saucers responsible.

Whatever the cause, the result was very agreeable to all except the fur trade and the woollen manufacturers, who claimed that if this sort of thing went on they would be put out of business. For the gardeners, of course, it was sheer heaven. On my mantlepiece have been bowls of full-blown roses, standing next to the first Christmas cards. Round my study were little bunches of purple primroses, and fragrant viburnum, and Kaffir lilies, and even a vase of powder-blue ceanothus. Perhaps the prize exhibit was a single, perfect water-lily on the pond, staring with open petals at the unwonted sun.

Yes, strange tales will be told of this winter of 1953. But at least we shall be able to say . . . "it was nice while it lasted."

SEPARATES GO SOUTH . . .

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The Happiness of Faith In Nativity Dramas

By FERN RAHMEL

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST as recorded in the Gospel according to St. Luke is one of the most dramatic of stories. The simple beauty of the King James version never stales or wearies no matter how many times it is read or recited. It is small wonder, then, that the Nativity Plays which have become traditional to the season attract the best audiences of any dramatic performances of the entire year. Country schools where the story is acted in mime by the children for their parents, with the best reader as Narrator, and great city churches where polished performances have become part of the ritual are packed to the doors with an audience intent and reverent.

This is only right and proper, for the Nativity is the genesis of Christianity. The representation of the story in dramatic form goes back, in England at least, to mediaeval times. It may have an even longer history. Some scholars have been at pains to prove that there is a continuous theatrical tradition from the time of the Greeks and they see the morality and miracle plays of the Middle Ages as a link between the glories of the religious plays of the Athenians and the great dramas of the Elizabethan era.

Very few of those who watch the present-day performance of a Nativity Play see it in this light. Too often, and this is particularly true of the stylized performances in the great churches, the play becomes a pageant which the audience follows raptly, delighted with the subdued lighting, the glow of candlelight on glittering costumes and lulled by the sweet singing of the choir into a pseudo-religious or sentimental state of mind. Such a travesty of the genuine spirit of a Nativity Play is impossible if one of the true miracle plays of Christmas is performed.

Four of these have come down to us in more or less complete form from the 13th, 14th and 15th centuries. These are the Coventry, Chester, York and Towneley cycles. The original authors are unknown. The plays seem to have developed as a sort of organic growth with borrowings from one to another. Certain parts are marked, however, by so strong a dramatic sense that it would seem that one man, and he a playwright by instinct, had written them. *The Second Shepherd's Play* from the Towneley Cycle is such a piece.

They were written in Middle English, which is almost as foreign a language to us as the Latin of the church was to the people of that day, and were prepared originally for an audience which did not read or write. Their main purpose was didactic: to teach the great stories of the faith and the central religious truths.

Thus the plays had their origin in the church and were performed by the priests. But little by little extraneous bits crept in not so suitable for church performance or priestly participation but adding pungency to the theme. The plays then moved out of the church into the churchyard and later into the street and market place. Eventually, although the dramas retained their religious nature, they were performed under secular auspices. (By a papal edict of 1210 the clergy were forbidden to appear on a public stage.) A movable stage called a "pageant" was developed which was wheeled about the town so that everyone could see and hear the performance close at hand.

It was a direct and unsophisticated method and it had a realism which was telling in its effect. The characters are not the remote and distant figures from the pages of a holy book; they are real shepherds from the hills whose feet get cold and whose hands are rough and whose speech is often uncouth. Their sheep get "the cursèd scab"; they themselves catch cold and cough and sneeze; they are lonely and weary and quarrelsome; when the angels sing their "Gloria in excelsis", they don't know what it means. One of the shepherds in the Chester play thinks that Gabriel is probably a sheep-stealer:

"By my faith it was some spy
Our sheep for to steal,
Or else he was a man of our trade,
For clever he was and seemly made."

And when at last after much pondering they do interpret the angels correctly and go to Bethlehem, they have no pretentiousness or mock reverence, but they present themselves and their gifts with the gentleness and true sincerity of genuine simplicity. One of them gives the Child a sheep bell; another his flasket:

"And thereto hangs a spoon
To eat thy pottage with at noon
As I myself full oft have done.
With love I pray Thee take it."

A third gives a pair of laced hose, saying:

"For other treasure, Son, I have none
for to give
That is worth anything at all
Save my good heart while I live
And my prayers till death doth me
call."

A shepherd boy takes off his cap and his playmate lays before the Christ Child and Mary his dearest possession:

"I could play this pipe
That all the woods should ring."

This is the stuff of great drama. It is real and alive, and though its verse may limp, its meaning is clear and forceful. Played with genuine feeling it shows us that real religion is not divorced from everyday life, nor is it the dour and prohibitive fundamentalism which the Puritans tried to legislate into England when they forbade the celebration of Christmas. The religion of the shepherds is a happy one, full of the joy of giving, the fun and laughter of good comradeship, and with a true reverence for the Sublime.

THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM
From "Le grant Kalendrier compost des Bergiers" (Troyes, 1529)

From the annals of the town of York for the year 1415, when Roger Barton was town clerk, we know what guilds and crafts took part in the play. Their cycle began with the Creation, which was in charge of the Tanners and Plasterers, went on to the Fall of Man, which the Fullers, Cooperers and Armourers performed, and straight through the Biblical story to the Crucifixion and Resurrection which the Carpenters, Winedrawers and Woolpackers portrayed. It seems to have been a tradition in all the towns that the Goldsmiths (Orfevers), Goldbeaters and "Monemakers" should do the Three Kings from the East.

There was considerable expense involved in preparing these plays. The rolls at Coventry list some of the costs and also the payments for players, which began at fourteen pence and went as high as four shillings, a considerable sum in the days when a side of beef cost three pence and a gallon of ale two. Actors were chosen on merit and by qualification. This was one of the duties of the pageant-master, who was elected to this important job. His instructions say that he was to choose "the moste connyng discrete and able plaiers . . . to serche, here and examen all the plaiers . . . to admit all such as he shall fynde sufficiant in personne and connying, to the honour of the Citie and the worship of saide Craftes; and all other insufficiant personnes, . . . to discharge, ammove, and avoide." To meet the expenses a tax of a penny to fourpence was levied on every craftsman, and all the money had to be accounted for by the pageant-master.

The plays began early. If the full cycle was being done they started at daybreak. Such devotion on the part of either actors or audience is not to be expected today. We are more inclined to stay comfortably at home and let the play come to us by radio or television.

RADIO at least has proved itself a good medium for the Nativity Play. Dorothy L. Sayers has written what is perhaps the best modern one and as she is a sturdy and devout Christian of the 20th century she would have none of the sanctimonious tones which discredit much religion by radio. Her *The Man Born To Be King*, which is the complete cycle of the Life of Christ, is modern in conception and treatment. Her wailing women have Cockney accents and her shepherds speak the dialect of the Midland hills. But no matter how fine the play by radio or television, it cannot stir the heart in the way a true performance of one of the old Miracle Plays does. For a great play demands a responsive and sympathetic audience for its proper completion; a Nativity Play ought to be, therefore, an act of corporate worship.

Such is the spirit of a modern acting version of the Coventry Play where the Prophet Isaiah begins by blessing the congregation and says in words which knit both actors and audience: *"Our Play we offer as a service to God.*

May He bring us to His bliss
That is both Lord and King."

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Art

The "Seagram Collection" On Tour

WHEN SIR JOHN MILLAIS'S famed Royal Academy painting, "Bubbles," was bought by Pears Soap for an advertisement at the turn of the century, it marked the first show of interest in art by modern commerce. Since then, business and industry have shown a spasmodic concern for creative endeavor, but only recently has this concern approached anything like full recognition of the importance of the humanities to the enrichment of society.

There is today a fresh understanding of the interrelationship of commerce and art in the life of the community. Thomas J. Watson, the shrewd president of International Business Machines, wrote in the preface to one of his corporation's art exhibitions: "In presenting contemporary art, we once more affirm our faith that through the language of the artist people will be better able to recognize those traits common to all men. This exhibition represents our company's plan to stimulate a closer relationship between business and art."

The corporations which attempt to "stimulate a closer relationship between business and art" compose an impressive cross-section of endeavor. A random selection would include Standard Oil, Abbot Laboratories, the Container Corporation of America, Pepsi-Cola, De Beers Consolidated Mines, Dole Pineapple and the Capehart Corporation.

In setting up an art program, an organization may follow one or more patterns. The most usual is the permanent collection, built up through direct purchase of notable works of art. Usually, these collections are composed of works by contemporary artists, and are selected by a panel which includes art authorities and business directors. Another form of sponsorship is the competition.

It has been amply established by experience in the U.S. and Britain that planned sponsorship of art gets results in both material and less tangible ways. Today, some Canadian organizations are becoming aware of art's importance in public relations. In recent years, a number of Canadian business houses have sponsored collections by native artists. The most ambitious of these was launched by the House of Seagram this spring. The "Seagram Collection" is a major effort to use Canadian art for winning goodwill abroad. The collection is composed of fifty paintings depicting the skylines of 22 major Canadian cities. The twenty artists commissioned to portray these cities hail from all parts of the nation. No art effort on this scale has been attempted before by Canadian business. No goodwill mission of such extent has been previously launched by business. The "Seagram Collection" is, therefore, an important experiment.

This month, the Seagram "Cities of Canada" have already been on tour for nine months, and are proving a sensational ambassador for the country. Throughout Latin America, the canvases were greeted as an effective and colorful innovation in international relations. Wherever the prefabricated gallery of aluminum and wood was set up, diplomats and Press gave it their enthusiastic endorsement. Radio and TV outlets were plugging the show as a rare and imaginative way of winning foreign friends.

Reuterphoto

ROBERT PILOT, President of the Royal Canadian Academy, with Anne Murray, Toronto actress, and Mrs. Pilot (right) at the opening of the "Seagram Collection" exhibition in London.

The reaction of Dr. José Lopez Isa, Cultural Director of Education in Cuba, was typical. He remarked: "In effect, this exhibition will erase the image which most people have of Canada, of a country of perpetual winter, large open spaces, sparsely inhabited by colonists and Eskimos . . . Contemplation of these paintings will stimulate the desire for direct knowledge and will deepen the admiration of us all that we have always felt for Canada . . . Only by cultural relations will we reach better human understanding, peace and universal goodwill."

That the Seagram Collection is a successful experiment in goodwill is beyond doubt. During its six months' tour of Latin America, nearly 80,000 saw the paintings in eight countries. Of these, 7,000 were government and professional leaders. During October, 25,000 Italians saw the show in Rome, the collection's first European stop. Now in London, it will later go to Paris, Geneva, Stockholm and Madrid, before returning to Canada.

Back home, the "Cities" will make a cross-country tour, and each municipality will be presented with the paintings which portray it. Thus, the Seagram paintings will come home to roost very handsomely on the walls of our public buildings. They will hang as witnesses that art and business belong together, and that, as a team, they can do much to enrich our society at home and elsewhere.

PAUL DUVAL

●

Christmas Card

Quite obviously someone knows the Christmas trade
Is partial to a sentimental English scene,
The Grange, old Barchester, or jolly Dingley Dell,
Where hips and haws are always red and robins preen,
And wood smoke rises on a water-colored sky
Above a cottage, by the first Elizabethan age
Already ivied; where across a high-backed bridge
Sweet charity approaches, cloaked in puce and sage—
The Misses Jane and Arabella, basket laden,
With goose and trimmings wrapped in calico,
While Tray, good dog, runs yapping on ahead,
Dancing his patterned paw prints in the snow
Sprinkled like castor sugar by some heavenly cook.

A stylized angel or a streamlined fir,
The twinkling gaiety of Grandma Moses,
A rock in Lake Superior, a Krieghoff sleigh,
Flights of mallards, bowls of Christmas roses
Divert, amuse. My preference is still
This year's snug corner of an English shire
With all its hedgerows, rooks and timbered gables,
And the bells ringing in a distant spire.

LENORE A. PRATT

If Memory Serves

Some Ghosts of Christmas Past

NOW I WAS ALL SET to write a piece for this issue about an outstanding Christmas in my life, but as I sit down to begin writing it I can't think of one of them that was outstanding at all. My first memories of Christmas have all run together into a colorless blob, like the ingredients of a chemical set which, through boredom and a disinterest in chemistry, I once mixed into a smelly potion on Christmas night, after vainly trying to set off a chemical explosion in the Quebec heater.

Perhaps my inability to remember early Christmases results from being struck down by a car at the corner of Toronto's George and Queen Streets while returning from a visit to a department store Santa Claus in 1921. In those days it was almost as difficult to be hit by an automobile as it is not to be hit today, but I was always a nonconformist. This *contre-temps* put me to bed for a couple of days with a concussion, and ended my belief in Santa Claus.

Christmas in the Cabbagetown of my boyhood was a shabby one, but it brought out much more of the true Christmas spirit than was noticeable in the plushier neighborhoods. Christmas Eve was marked by the advent of slowly rolling trucks from which well-dressed young men would deliver holiday hampers donated by service clubs and church organizations, and the neighbors would vie with each other in the number of hampers they received. A good bushy tree in those days could be bought for a quarter, but many of the Cabbagetowners waited until late on Christmas Eve when the stores on Parliament St. would get rid of the ones they had left for a dime.

A mixed curse and blessing was the distribution of "Star boxes" along our street. These boxes, packed with candy, clothing and toys, and bought with the proceeds of the *Daily Star's* Santa Claus Fund, made sure that very few Toronto children were overlooked on Christmas morning. This was its blessing. The curse was in the stigma attached to being a recipient, for although there were few families in the neighborhood who did not receive charity of one kind or another, some of them went to great lengths to hide it. The clothing in the boxes was all of a pattern in those days, and on Christmas morning the street came alive with boys wearing brown, and terribly itchy, roll-necked sweaters, and little girls looking clean and fresh for once in soft pink or blue sweatercoats, each clutching an identical doll.

The churches in the district all held "Christmas Trees" during the holiday week, to which we went in grubby, expectant droves. At each one a Santa Claus (much thinner-looking than the ones in the department stores) gave out a small toy, a bag of candy, and an apple and orange, to each child as its name was called. Our secular attitude underwent a fervent metamorphosis the week before Christmas, and one of the neighborhood folk-tales described a boy who had attended three Christmas Trees in one evening.

The Cabbagetown men were not much for churchgoing, but on Christmas morning many of the women who had not been inside a church, with the exception of attending rummage sales, for the past year, would go to the morning service. Most of them would go to the Church of England, even though their loyalty lay with such Christian schisms as the Salvation Army, various missions, and the red-brick edifices of Knox, Wesley and Calvin throughout the rest of the year. Their reason was that, "You can't beat the Anglicans on Christmas morning," and the local Church of England imparted a high-church solemnity to the holiday service.

My personal memories of Christmas church services are all from the point of view of looking out at them, like an actor sizing up the house from the wings. This is due to the fact that in my early teens I was a boy soprano in several Anglican choirs, notably in St. Augustine's and St. Monica's. My recollections of these events are largely olfactory, and they stir up a musty odor of velvet seat cushions, mildewed hymnals and moth-balled surplices to this day. Christmas gave the choir an opportunity to escape from the *Te Deum* and other chants, and twist its collective larynx around the lusty words and music of the old Christmas carols, which it did with an abandonment lacking at other times.

Of the Christmases I spent away from home, one of the strangest was in 1933, in Fresno, California. Along with about twenty-five other boys, all under twenty-one, I was living on the largesse of the early Roosevelt administration, as a non-paying guest at the Fresno YMCA. We slept in dormitories in the upper reaches of the building, enjoying a hobo-ish prep-school existence that was a welcome change from the box-car and county jail life we were used to. After cleaning up the building in the morning we were free to roam at will for the rest of the day, which we spent across the Southern Pacific tracks in a Japanese poolroom, sitting around Skidway Slim's talking to the older hoboes, or searching for prurient chapter endings in the books of the Fresno public library.

Our meals were furnished us through the Seventh Day Adventist Church, which ran a tented cafeteria for the unemployed. This organization served full-course meals for seven cents, and we gained entry through government tickets issued by the Y. The arrangement was fine except for two things: the cafeteria was closed on Saturday (the Adventists' Sabbath), and they didn't serve meat. On Christmas day we lined up as usual for our dinner, with some of the YMCA gang betting their packs of Bugler or Bull Durham tobacco that turkey would be served. Instead, we received the same vegetarian dishes as any other day, with the addition of a meatless mock-duck, made of highly seasoned poultry stuffing. It was like being late for a banquet and finding nothing left but the artificial insides of the fowl. In the evening we each received a free pass to a local movie, and we sat there with our mouths watering enviously at the sight of Charles Laughton tearing chickens apart with his teeth in *The Private Life of Henry VIII*.

Another Christmas I remember is one in which the CNR's Maritime Express was stalled for five hours with frozen brakes near Newcastle, New Brunswick. This was the dullest Christmas morning I ever experienced. There were babies crying in the overcrowded day coaches, noisy celebrants of the night before, including me, searching in vain for pick-me-ups, and everyone cursing the delay in getting home. Although the day started off so badly, it ended for me in a way that I wouldn't have missed for the world. When I finally did arrive at my destination I found a friend waiting for me with a horse and cutter. We bundled ourselves up to the chest in a buffalo robe, and drove eight miles through the white, frosty twilight to the farm where I was to spend my Christmas. I count myself lucky to have experienced this Dickensian touch, in a day and age that denies it to most of us.

Though childhood's Christmases are supported by sublime faith in a myth, those of adulthood must lean on lesser props, and to some of us Christmas becomes a day of artificial and ephemeral jollity. I remember many of them only through a haze in which events either passed with lightning speed or moved with ponderous climactic tread. There was, for instance, the Christmas Eve in Montreal after I had opened the liquid gift I was taking to my father-in-law. Through an inexorable law of cause and effect, to which I am particularly prone at such times, I found myself at Police Headquarters facing a charge of disturbing the peace in a small restaurant near Central Station. The altercation had something to do with being overcharged for a plate of mixed grill, and although my charge for the meal was not reduced, the charges against me were dismissed, which was a victory of some sort.

Although the romanticism of Christmas at sea has long been blazoned in song and story, one which I spent as a member of the ship's company of the corvette *HMCS Battleford* is memorable mainly for the events that began, inauspiciously, on Christmas afternoon. It was 1942 and we were part of a small escort force of four Canadian corvettes and the destroyer *St. Laurent* somewhere north and east of the Azores. Our convoy consisted of over fifty merchantmen heading in the general direction of North America.

Preparations were underway for a ship's party in the Communications Mess, and the merchant ships had decked themselves out with sad-looking little Christmas trees lashed to their foremasts, when the look-outs spotted a German reconnaissance plane circling the convoy just above the horizon. We didn't need to be told that it was reporting our position to the U-boat packs, but we went ahead and had our party anyhow. The party was an unqualified success, spiked as it was with hidden bottles of ship's rum resurrected for the occasion. The Sick-berth Attendant put on his female impersonation act, we sang our complete repertoire of bawdy songs, there was an orchestra which consisted of a mouth-organ and two spoon-on-table virtuosi, the officers dropped in to pay their respects, and we played our favorite phonograph record, *She Said No, I Said Please*, over and over on the ship's communication system. It was a wonderful night, but it was also the last one for a week that we didn't spend at action stations.

Although none of us had ever met the crews of the merchant ships, we hoped later that their Christmas had been as happy as ours, for it was the last one on earth for many of them. Beginning with the sinking of the escort's oiler, the *Scottish Heather*, the following evening, we lost fourteen merchant ships in the next five nights, most of them still bearing their pitiful little trees lashed to the mast. One of the last to go was the convoy rescue ship, *Toward*, carrying the survivors of the other thirteen.

This Christmas promises to be an ordinary one, with the living-room rug covered with nutshells and tissue paper, the children squabbling over the toys, and the lady of the house cautioning me, in vain, not to drink before dinner. In the evening I'll either be sleeping the sleep of the satiated or trying to read *A Christmas Carol* out loud to those who want to listen, which will be nobody.

I can't remember whether my most outstanding Christmas was one on which we couldn't afford a fowl, or when the children first discovered the magic of Santa Claus, or whether I spent it at home or away. Like all great events in our lives, Christmas is much better to look forward to, than to remember. Perhaps the best Christmas for us all is still to come. The only thing I really know about Christmas is that its happiness doesn't depend on how much money you have, how many gifts you receive, or how many pounds the turkey weighs. What it does depend on is something I've never been able to discover, and maybe that's its universal secret.

HUGH GARNER

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Lighter Side

Christmas Greetings

TO THE following list, dog-eared from considerable handling, go best wishes for the Christmas season:

Greetings to all people who have contributed to our happiness, enlisted our sympathy, or excited our admiration or animosity in the year 1953. Also, to all winners of Pulitzer Prizes, beauty prizes, Nobel prizes, Best-Dressed Men Prizes, and prizes in the Annual Live Turkey Draw. (Note: Live turkeys may be painlessly dealt with simply by putting them in the oven and turning on the gas. Watch out for sudden revivals, however; turkeys are tricky.)

Best wishes to Premier St. Laurent, President Eisenhower, Miss Marlene Dietrich, and the grandchildren of all three. Also to Dr. Kinsey and to Miss Christine Jorgensen for their contributions both to science and to general conversation in 1953.

Peace on earth to Christmas shoppers who neglected to keep their exchange slips, to cats that lodge in trees on Christmas Day and to the members of the Fire Department who are called on to rescue them; to the owner of a deep freeze unit who had her yearly half-steer delivered in sections to be parcelled, just as she was wrapping her Christmas gifts; to confused donors who wake up on Christmas morning convinced that they have sent last year's book-ends to the original giver; and to mothers who must deal on Christmas Day with Atomic Energy Chemistry sets and scale-model paratrooper machine-guns. Also to people who have nothing but runs in their nylons to show for their last-minute efforts, to postmen and store Santa Clauses, to exchange department supervisors, and to recipients of mink knee-caps, home-made mobiles, unsigned greeting cards and greeting cards from people they have never heard of.

Mercy mild to the ladies who loitered on escalators during the Christmas rush, to mothers who indulge their children with the Santa Claus myth, to carollers with changing voices, to Christmas revellers who believe they are still in a condition to drive, and to exhausted celebrants who wind up smoking in bed.

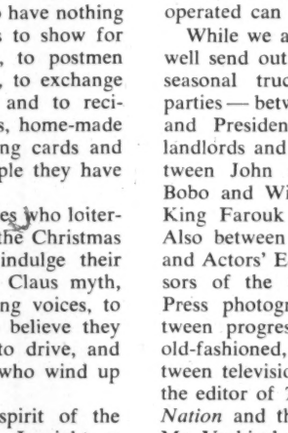
While the generous spirit of the season is still upon me, I might as well send greetings to the neighbor whose dog has finally mastered the combination of our self-locking garbage can. Also to the pleasant-voiced stranger who waited till my head was in a shampoo bath to call up and inquire what radio program I was listening to.

Christmas greetings to Miss Dorothy Thompson, who failed to see any light on the horizon through most of 1953. Better luck next year, Miss Thompson, and don't get your storm signals crossed.

Congratulations of the season to Marilyn Monroe, whose remarkable configuration, we are told, brought on the Republican swing in 1952 and was responsible for the Adenauer victory in 1953. Christmas greetings to the Republican Party, which had better watch out, just the same, for dangerous curves and soft shoulders on the road ahead

Very best Christmas wishes to Mr. Lester Pearson.

Second best wishes, in an unsealed envelope, to Senator Jenner and the U.S. Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, to Mr. Mossadegh, to the screen authors of Three-D movies, to Colonel Robert McCormick and the Chicago *Tribune*, to the manufacturers of polaroid glasses, and to people who hack off Christmas trees sideways.



A last-minute message of sympathy to those who spend their Christmas Eve watching for Santa Claus, sitting under electric dryers, attending or recovering from office parties, losing and finding lists and trimming Christmas trees. (Note: Forget your patent Christmas tree-holder and lash your Christmas tree firmly to the nearest radiator. Also watch out that the Star of Bethlehem doesn't blow a fuse. Stars of Bethlehem when electrically operated can be tricky, too.)

While we are about it, we might as well send out a Christmas wish for a seasonal truce betwen all warring parties — between Senator McCarthy and President Eisenhower, between landlords and tenants everywhere, between John and Esperanza Wayne, Bobo and Winthrop Rockefeller and King Farouk and Queen Narriman. Also between Crooner Dick Haymes and Actors' Equity, between the sponsors of the Garrison Ball and the Press photographers of Ottawa, between progressive educators and the old-fashioned, or woodshed type, between television and movies, between the editor of *The New Statesman and Nation* and the U.S.A., and between Mr. Vyshinsky and the human race.

And as a final note, Christmas greetings to the squad of garbage men who will finally bear away the tinsel, the torn tissue paper, the gift cartons and the Christmas trees as bare as a herring's spine, that are the symbols of another vanished season.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

Ottawa Letter

Interruption of a Drab Session

ONE OF THE BEST features of what has so far been a rather dreary session has been the excellent performance of the new Speaker of the Commons, René Beaudoin, who promises to be one of the most distinguished holders of his high office within living memory. He is both dignified and courteous; he has a complete mastery of the rules of Parliament and applies them with an impartial hand; he has pronounced firmly against the reading of speeches by ordinary members and never hesitates to check up members, including Ministers, when they wander off the subject of a debate into irrelevancies. Thus he has most of the virtues of a first-rate Speaker.

Since the debate on the Address ended, the House of Commons has been digesting a variegated parliamentary menu and it adjourned for nearly a month's Christmas recess with a record of some profitable discussions, but a very meagre output of legislation.

Early this month the House had the pleasure of listening to one of the all too rare speeches of its dean and most generally beloved member, Major C. G. Power; he resumed his crusade for ending the unseemly wrangles which have from time immemorial marked the proceedings of the parliamentary committees charged with the decennial redistribution of the seats of the House of Commons. He marshalled his arguments with the dexterity and mellow wisdom of the old parliamentary hand and evoked the sympathetic support of all parties for his proposal for the appointment of a special committee to study the problem, but the Government, through J. W. Pickersgill, expressed its preference for giving the job to the standing committee on privileges and elections, and this plan was accepted.

On the following day the Prime Minister spoke like a real leader of the nation, when he moved, in a carefully reasoned speech, the second reading of the bill relating to the reorganized Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources. He thereby set the tone for an intelligent non-partisan discussion of the Department's problems.

Dr. McCann, the Minister for National Revenue, had a chill reception for his amendment of the Customs Act, which aims to stiffen the anti-dumping laws in respect to manufactured goods. Conservative members—Earl Rowe made an old-fashioned protectionist speech—contended that the amendment was a niggling approach to the solution of a grave problem and hinted that Dr. McCann has been moved to belated action by the recent suspension of operations by a textile factory in his own constituency; George Hees declared that the amendment would prove unworkable in practice. Members of the CCF like M. J. Coldwell, Fred Zaplitny and Colin Cameron, while they had no objections to reasonable safeguards against unfair dumping, refused to shed any tears over the plight of our textile industries, which they arraigned as wicked exploiters of both labor and the consumer. Owen L. Jones, of the same party, insisted upon the extension of the amendment to cover fruits, vegetables and canned goods. A western Liberal, Walter Tucker, feared that the amendment would weaken the effect of our protests against the designs of the Republican protectionists of the United States for discriminatory tariffs.

A full exposé sent from Washington to his paper by Grant Dexter, the editor of the Winnipeg *Free Press,* of the decision of the U.S. Government to subsidize exports of wheat outside the scope of the international wheat agreement, moved Mr. Coldwell on December 11 to persuade the Speaker that a special adjournment of the House was necessary to discuss the problem of urgent national importance thus created for Canada. He argued that the new American move revealed a determination to capture for American grain-growers as large a share as possible of the export market for wheat not covered by the international wheat agreement; but if it succeeded it was bound to undermine the agreement and have a disastrous impact upon the fortunes of our western farmers and the whole economy of Canada. He felt the matter was so serious that it deserved the immediate attention of the much advertised joint committee of Canadian and American Ministers, which has been assigned the task of promoting harmonious economic and financial relations between the two countries.

Mr. Howe, apart from some harsh words about the conduct of the Winnipeg *Free Press,* was in a mood of sweet reasonableness, which befitted a defensive role, when he replied for the government. He would have preferred that the Americans had refrained from their move, about which he had been duly forewarned, and he refused to believe that they contemplated any drastic slash in the export price of wheat, because it was not in their interest. He also found comfort in the fact that most of the stocks of wheat held by the U.S. Government were of the soft type and would not compete seriously with Canada's hard wheat of high protein content which the British preferred. His promise that the joint Ministerial committee would be convened within two months to examine the problem induced Mr. Coldwell to withdraw his motion.

Fedneus

THE HON. C. D. HOWE: A mood of sweet reasonableness

A distinctive flag for Canada is a problem hoary with age, and there was an element of comedy in its first emergence in the arena of politics. Towards the close of the Parliament of 1921-25, Mackenzie King entrusted a committee of high officials with the task of evolving an appropriate design for such a flag. The official position of each of his nominees, who included the chiefs of the three branches of the armed services and the Dominion Archivist, fully justified their selection and he was not to be blamed for not knowing that every single one of them was a Roman Catholic, two of them being fresh converts from Protestantism. But inevitably the announcement that a committee of Roman Catholics was going to devise a substitute for the Union Jack stirred to furious wrath the patriotic soul of the Orange Order and at its annual parade on the 12th of July there was carried in various places a huge Union Jack emblazoned with the words, "The Kaiser could not destroy this flag nor can Mackenzie King." Appalled, Mr. King hastily disbanded his committee and thereafter he turned a cold shoulder to the resolutions in favor of a separate Canadian flag, which one of his supporters, C. R. McIntosh, of North Battleford, used to move almost every year.

Eventually, however, in 1946, Mr. King sought and obtained the approval of the House of Commons for the principle of a distinctive Canadian flag and the appointment of a joint committee of both Houses to consider and report upon a suitable design for such a flag. No fewer than 2,695 designs were submitted to, and examined by, this committee and, after a good deal of wrangling, all were rejected except two. One of these was a variation of the Red Ensign which is now flown from all buildings owned or occupied by the Government inside and outside of Canada; in it a large maple leaf adorned the centre and the Union Jack was relegated to the upper left hand corner and allocated only one fifty-second part of the flag's area. The other favored design, with its top triangular half red and it lower half white, had also in its centre a large maple leaf, but excluded the Union Jack. The committee recommended the choice of the first design, but, since its report was not unanimous, Mr. King made no move to introduce a bill.

Now Bona Arsenault (Liberal) has donned the mantle of Mr. McIntosh as the chief crusader for a distinctive Canadian flag.

CP

M. J. COLDWELL: A common flag

On December 9, Mr. Arsenault moved a resolution worded in exactly the same terms as Mr. King's motion in 1946, and urged its adoption in a long rambling speech. He was graciously prepared to countenance the retention of the Union Jack as a symbol of the Crown and Canada's loyalty to Her Majesty, but he also wanted a distinctive Canadian flag, which must not, as he put it, be "cluttered up" with a Union Jack or Fleur de Lis or any European symbol; he thought the Queen would be both "pleased and comforted" when she heard of such action. Mr. Drew, Mr. Coldwell and Mr. Hansell on behalf of their respective parties all approved of the idea of a separate Canadian flag, but they also agreed that the matter was a responsibility of the Government and that it should make some recommendation free from partisan flavor to Parliament. Mr. Coldwell also made the interesting suggestion that the idea of making the Union Jack the recognized common emblem of the whole Commonwealth should be discussed with the other British Governments.

The debate revealed a divided mind among the Liberal party. J. F. Pouliot and two other Liberals were ardent for a distinctive Canadian flag, but Daniel McIvor announced that he would never, never vote for any design which excluded the Union Jack, so dear to his native Ulster. Then two Liberals from British Columbia, E. T. Applewhaite and J. L. MacDougall, intimated that they had seen no evidence in their province of a surging popular demand for a separate national flag and feared that any choice would create an unfortunate dissension. The Cabinet, of which no single member gave tongue during the debate, evidently took fright at this cleavage of viewpoint, and it was obviously on instructions that Mr. MacDougall moved the adjournment of the debate and that the whole available strength of the Liberal party was mobilized to carry it by 137 to 74. The vote revealed the curious spectacle of Mr. Arsenault obediently supporting the shelving of his own resolution.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

Foreign Affairs

Igor Gouzenko: A Fighter

IGOR GOUZENKO is a fighter. When he broke with the Soviet regime he also determined to fight it, and not just to save his own skin—though he did apply his keen mind and his espionage training very successfully, as I have heard him describe in fascinating detail, to safeguarding his family from the fury of the Communists. When he finished the tedious job of testifying in the many individual trials of the spy suspects, and published his life story, he set out to write a "big" novel exposing the evils of the Soviet system.

It was to be the story of how the Bolshevik leaders, after sheltering behind the prestige of Maxim Gorki in their darkest days, destroyed him when he became disillusioned. Through years of increasing difficulty and, at times, real hardship, Gouzenko drove himself at this task—and it was a heavy one, for no respectable Russian novel is complete in less than three volumes. Few people will ever know how he worked at this, his first real job of writing, or how he struggled, in the peculiar difficulties of his position, cut off from the normal world and receiving little understanding or sympathy from the officials through whom he had to deal, to find the right publisher and provide for his family through years of disappointment and delay. Yet how many times he said: "I've got to strike them another hard blow!", smacking his fist into his open palm.

The author's trials are ended now. Publishers are rushing out his "Fall of a Titan" in Britain and America. Stranger than fiction is the story of one of these, who heard of the manuscript, got hold of it and decided to publish, without realizing who Igor Gouzenko was! The name of the cipher clerk from the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa had been quite forgotten.

Now it is in all the headlines. The most famous newspapers queue up for interviews. Radio networks beg for "safe" tape-recorded interviews, and television networks want to have him, with his back to the camera. Far beyond this publicity he has had his chance at a day before the klieg lights, cameras and microphones, in a Washington committee room.

It would be idle to report that Gouzenko doesn't glow a little at all this publicity, coming just as his book is at last to be published. But he could never have anticipated the outcome of a simple interview given to the *Chicago Tribune*. He didn't seek the interview, or know the peculiar slant of the *Trib* and its bitterness against Lester Pearson. He was merely pursuing his fight with the Soviet regime, urging as he has for eight solid years, that only a beginning has been made on the uncovering of the many Soviet spy rings in Canada and the U.S., fulminating at what seems to him to be the incredible and almost criminal complacency of people on this continent before such a deadly menace.

Gouzenko has always believed that the West must really fight an active ideological and psychological war with the Soviets, but he has never had much success in stirring up anybody in Canada to take an interest in his views. This time he just happened to poke a stick into a hornet's nest.

Now that things are stirred up, Gouzenko hopes to promote a scheme he has been turning over in his mind for years, a plan based on his own experience, for encouraging "other Gouzenkos" to come over to the democratic side, with a shirtful of documents with which to expose other spy rings. No doubt this is what he meant, in persisting, through all the clamor as to whether he really had any further information to give, that he could advise the Americans on better ways to catch spies.

He has named to me other members of the Soviet Embassy staff in Ottawa in his day—some of whom I knew, also—who might well have been encouraged to come over at the time he did, had we had any plan for doing this. He recalls bitterly that, instead, the Western Allies were at this time handing back Soviet defectors to Stalin, under an agreement made at Yalta. Thus we handed back the men and officers of the anti-Soviet Vlasov Army formed by the Germans from Russian prisoners-of-war. And we forced at bayonet-point many tens of thousands of slave laborers brought from the Soviet Union to Germany during the war, to return "home."

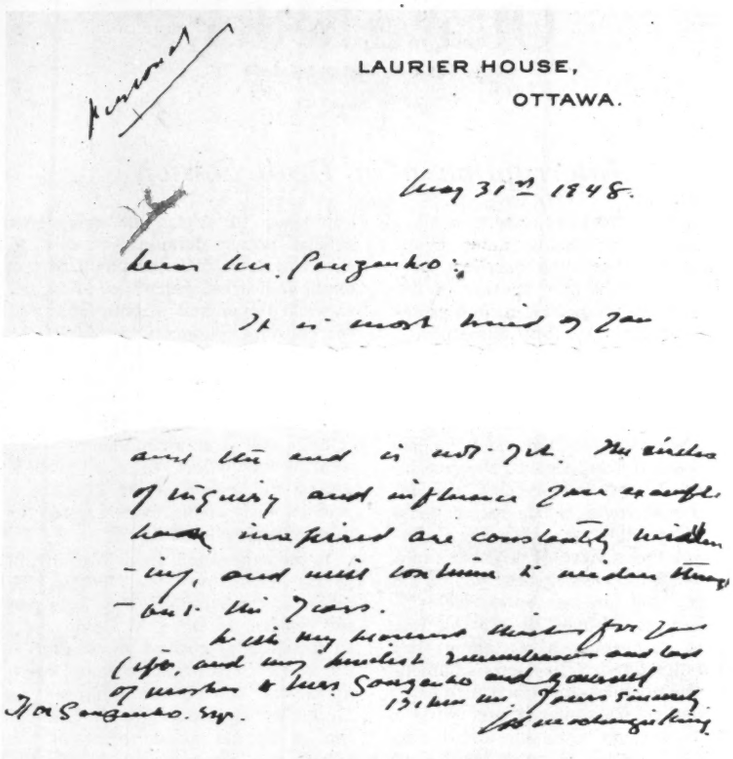
We stopped this after some months, but only after causing frightful personal suffering and compromising any hope of appealing in years to come to the love of freedom of peoples under the Soviet yoke. The Soviets could tell their people: "You see what will happen if you go over to the West."

Talking in Munich, some time after this disastrous episode, with recent Russian defectors, I found that the legacy of this Yalta policy of forcing back all who had been Soviet citizens in 1939 was still the greatest hindrance in encouraging new defectors from the Soviet Army and the Soviet missions in Germany, Austria and the satellites. At that time I urged that the Western leaders make a solemn proclamation promising security and work for all who came over, with either a chance to emigrate overseas or support in organizing anti-Soviet activity in their homelands.

Gouzenko is concentrating on a narrower sphere: the encouragement of defection among the personnel of Soviet missions who can bring out documentary evidence which will help break spy rings. This gets at the problem raised by Mackenzie King in his 1946 conversation with me on the Gouzenko Case, which was quoted in these columns two weeks ago. Canada had, by good fortune, secured actual documents which would stand up in court, to break the Soviet spy ring in this country—or *one* of the rings, as Gouzenko always insisted. The United States authorities had photostats, and wire-tap evidence, but not the documents. They lacked a Gouzenko. Hence the long delay in rooting out the Communist spies in the U.S., and the use of so much "hear-say" evidence.

Gouzenko makes the point very plainly that, if our authorities and the U.S. authorities don't like these committee methods, they ought to take up his plan for getting hold of more documents. To disarm McCarthy, they have to press the hunt for spies themselves. He is surprised that Mr. St. Laurent, "so friendly and so clever", whom he met personally when St. Laurent was Minister of Justice, has not tried to make use of his knowledge and his ideas, instead of giving the impression of opposing them.

WILLSON WOODSIDE



LAURIER HOUSE,
OTTAWA.

May 31st 1948.

Dear Mr. Gouzenko:

It is most kind of you ... and the end is not yet. The circles of inquiry and influence your example has inspired are constantly widening, and will continue to widen throughout the years. ... best thanks for your gift ... kindest remembrances and best wishes to Mrs. Gouzenko and yourself. Believe me, Yours sincerely,

W. L. Mackenzie King

MACKENZIE KING TO GOUZENKO: In May, 1948, the Prime Minister wrote that "the end is not yet" and "circles of inquiry are constantly widening."

Text of the Letter

Dear Mr. Gouzenko:

It is most kind of you to have presented me with a personally inscribed copy of your story, "This Was My Choice" . . . That a word of mine should have remotely contributed to the writing of this book gives me a feeling of real satisfaction and pride.

As for the book itself . . . it is a fitting sequel to your heroic decision to unmask the treachery that threatened the existence of our free way of life, and to place at the disposal of the Government of Canada the evidence upon which your decision was based.

It must make you very happy to see your life purpose is finding its fulfilment far beyond anything you had believed possible, and the end is not yet.

The circles of inquiry and influence your example has inspired are constantly widening and will continue to widen throughout the years. With my heartiest thanks for your gift and my kindest remembrances and best of wishes to Mrs. Gouzenko and yourself. Believe me, Yours sincerely,

W. L. Mackenzie King

The Plan To Encourage More Gouzenkos

1. Every escapee who brings with him documentary evidence which will lead to the exposure of further Communist spies, should quickly receive Canadian (or American) citizenship. A special law should provide for this.
2. This law should also assure lifelong protection for such a person if he desires it.
3. There should be a parliamentary grant for the maintenance of such an escapee. Inevitably he would have many enemies, and the greater his financial security, the greater his safety.
4. He should have assistance in finding work suited to his ability and talent.

Films

Chi-Chi Is the Hollywood Touch

CHI-CHI is an expression that is always used deprecatingly in Hollywood, where chi-chi flourishes as it does nowhere else on earth.

Chi-chi is the final touch of extravagance that destroys the effect of charm, sophistication or elegance it set out to create. It is the swag draperies too cunningly arranged, the dozen vari-colored cushions on the room-length chesterfield. It is the extra jar of wax arum lilies in the wall niche or the white crepe jodhpurs that Jane Wyman wears under an off-the-shoulder lace negligee in *Let's Do It Again*. It can also exist in the over-trained lilt of a heroine's voice or the high batting average of her artificial eyelashes.

There was any amount of anachronistic chi-chi in *The Robe,* which deployed Pontius Pilate and Caligula and their retinues against acres of decorative art. This is true of practically all the large-scale Biblical productions, for designers and decorators find it impossible to keep their vain-glorious talent within the relatively simple limits of Biblical narrative.

Warner Bros.

KATHRYN GRAYSON

It is in modern production, however, particularly films having anything to do with the theatre or Broadway, that chi-chi really flourishes. Then you get glamour pushed to the point of hysteria, or, worse still, an unhappy blend of winsomeness and high style.

Kathryn Grayson is a pretty girl, with a remarkable, if not an invariably pleasing voice. She is fine in simple roles that make little demand on her acting talent and take full advantage of her voice, which many people, after all, admire. Recently, however, her studio has taken to building her up in ever larger parts, and though she does the very best she can, she isn't quite up to the ambitious demands they make on her. A great deal of the time she seems both overdressed and immature, like a small girl parading in her mother's best hat.

So This Is Love, for instance, casts her as the late Grace Moore, in a story derived more or less from the Grace Moore autobiography *You're Only Human Once*. There could hardly be a more deplorable piece of miscasting. In addition to her voice, Grace Moore had presence, high vitality and a sort of theatrical splendor. Kathryn Grayson has little to bring to this highly demanding impersonation except a voice, and even the voice leaves a good deal to be desired, especially in the middle register. For the rest, she has been overdressed, over-prettified, and turned into a chi-chi prima donna whose final triumph is conceivable only under Hollywood auspices.

The story takes its heroine through childhood and adolescence, involves her in a number of inconsequential love affairs, then settles down to a jog-trot account of her triumphs on Broadway, with everything culminating in her operatic debut in *La Bohème*. Even this dim story outline reveals, however, that Grace Moore was a girl born to a career and equipped with the necessary ruthlessness to make it practicable. There is no suggestion of this in the Grayson performance. At most the star displays a girlish petulance when the career goes wrong, followed by a pretty determination to set it right without causing too much bad feeling. But that isn't the way a girl hacks out the hard road from Tennessee and a job in the church choir to a Metropolitan opera debut.

She is hardly more successful when cast as the shrew in *Kiss Me Kate*, film version of the Broadway musical which, in turn, was based on *The Taming of the Shrew*. The star here is equipped with a flaming wig and a gown to match, but her fits of stage passion aren't much more alarming than the temper tantrums of a little girl who has just thrown her vegetable soup on the floor. Howard Keel does much better as Petruchio. His Florentine costumes, plus a small Vandyke, have done wonders for his rather easy-going good looks, and his Petruchio has bounce, gaiety and authority. But the play-within-a-play technique is handled clumsily and over elaborately, and the Technicolor, carried out in the violent shades of zinnias, may leave you a little restless before the end. There are the fine Cole Porter tunes as well as a good comedy turn by Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore, but most of the film is marked by that rich touch of the superfluous which Hollywood can never resist as long as it has money in its pocket. All the big production numbers come under the chi-chi classification.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

Give them all...

CRAVEN 'A'

CRAVEN 'A' WILL NOT AFFECT THE THROAT

Give them the extra enjoyment—the added pleasure of Craven 'A'—with the world-famous quality and superb flavour.

CRAVEN PLAIN without cork tips—same fine quality as Craven 'A'.

HINE

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

five star COGNAC BRANDY

ESTABLISHED 1763

Books

Our Own 100 Years' War

UNQUESTIONABLY IT IS tactless, as the Season of Goodwill is at hand, to say anything which may provoke a skirmish between the two parties to the Hundred Years' War which divides so many otherwise compatible people in Canada—I mean, of course, the many people who maintain that British Humor is exquisite whereas American Humor is little better than a Low Sense of Fun, and the equally numerous and vehement people who insist that American Humor is fresh and vital; while English Humor is snobbish and deadly. But three books have come to hand which will make excellent Christmas gifts for the right recipients, and it is my job to suggest who those recipients should be, let the consequences be what they may.

This Hundred Years' War is a deplorable struggle, for we in Canada are happily placed to enjoy the humor of the two great English-speaking nations. There are few Canadians who cannot read both English and American with equal facility; those Canadians who pretend not to understand either English or American jokes are usually doing so because of an isolationist intellectual pose which they have taken up in order to vex somebody else. The usual ground for battle is the dispute over the respective merits of *Punch* and *The New Yorker*.

The English magazine is 112 years old, the American one a mere 28, and consequently *Punch* has seen more ups and downs than the other. *The New Yorker* is pretty much today what it was in 1925—that is to say, a brilliantly written, liberal-humanist publication with extremely high standards of literacy and perceptiveness. *Punch* began as a scurrilous radical paper, became a snob paper, became the delight of the middle class and the bulwark of Blimpery, and now, under Malcolm Muggeridge, is undergoing another and very welcome change which places it beside *The New Yorker* if not a little above it. Both papers pitch their tone to catch the ear of the literate, sophisticated reader, and it is the difference between the literate, sophisticated readers of Britain and those of the U.S.A. which produces the chief differences between the two magazines.

The British, on the whole, take their fun a little less seriously than the Americans, and insist a little less firmly on their sophistication. They are not ashamed of liking simple-minded jokes, and neither are they ashamed to enjoy jokes which depend for their point on pedantry. That odd animal drawn by Giovannetti which turns up in *Punch*—is it a groundhog?—who fences with a tailor's dummy, eats his violin, or simply blows bubbles, is a relaxed kind of joke which we do not find in *The New Yorker;* but then, George Morland's historical jokes presuppose a degree of learning in the reader which the American paper could not risk.

Conversely, *The New Yorker's* fiction is far better than *Punch's* and its profiles have so far defied English imitation. *Punch* has, for a century, published brilliant light verse; *The New Yorker* cannot touch it in this field. Both papers publish some excellent criticism, but the quality in *Punch* is more consistently even than in the American magazine, which tends to unleash savage and egotistical funnymen upon music and the theatre, rather than critics who can write amusingly. Personally, I have read both magazines from cover to cover, every week, for years, as have many other Canadians; they are windows through which we peep into less solemn lands than our own—air-tubes though which we draw whiffs of a sanity-preserving oxygen.

Books which are labelled as "funny" bear a heavy weight of responsibility. *The Best Humour From Punch* is a collection of pieces made by William Cole to introduce American readers to the 112-year-old mountebank; the inclusions are chosen, I hasten to say, from post-war issues. Reading it, I tried to approach it as an American in, say, Salt Lake City might do. (I know some people there well enough to risk this bit of mental impersonation.) Speaking from behind my Salt Lake disguise, I find it a book of uneven merit. It contains some of the traditional English silliness—that tiresome pose which assumes that maiden aunts, amateur gardeners, cheese and certain other things are, in their very nature, enough to set the reader screaming with mirth. But on the other hand, there is much that seemed to me (speaking as a Mormon, again) really funny, and a handful of things which lifted me right out of my chair. And I consider the light verse in it a wonderful bonus; the real genius of English humor is to be found here. Still speaking as an American, I thought this book at least 75 per cent excellent, which is a very high score for a funny book, and I recommend it to my fellow-citizens in the Great Republic.

Possibly, because I came to it second, I was not so pleased with *The Pick of Punch*. One of my reasons is technical. *Punch* is a nicely printed periodical, using a good grade of paper; *Pick* is on the kind of paper which is sometimes used for children's annuals, and the pictures are often badly mauled in reproduction. Let Messrs. Butler & Tanner look long and well at pages 109 and 145 before sending me a poisoned plum-pudding. But the change in *Punch's* character, which is all for the better, is reflected in this volume, and it is good to find the names of John Betjeman, Angus Wilson, J. B. Boothroyd and Justin Richardson among the contributors. These are, first of all, men with something to say; it is a secondary, though important, consideration that they can say it with wit. They do not rely on aunts, cheese and comic charwomen to keep them in business. Under Mr. Muggeridge, *Punch* is a giant refreshed, and the gleam in the eye of the mischievous old scoundrel on the cover is markedly brighter than it has been for years.

Now, having exercised my Canadian privilege of thinking like an American about English things, let me assume my English disguise in order to take a look at James Thurber's new book, *Thurber Country*, a great part of the contents of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. I am not one of those who falls out of his chair with a laugh-inspired thrombosis whenever Thurber is mentioned, though I know people of this class. His pictures depress me. Some of his intentionally funny pieces irritate me, because they seem to me to be so far below his best. For, at his best, Thurber is one of the great comic writers of our day. He is at his best when he has something to say which is clearly important to him. He is a man of great sensitivity and intelligence, and consequently he finds his best themes in realms which are entirely personal.

Take, for instance, "A Friend of the Earth", in which he describes his encounter with one of those pests found in villages, the Local Unlettered Philosopher; most people have met such over-rated bores, and most people have enjoyed meeting them; but not Thurber, and not the English critic who now addresses you; in Zeph Leggin he anatomizes the whole damnable tribe of backwoods funnymen, without a wasted word. So also in "The American Scene" he produces a good satire on the visiting Englishman (though, if he wants to criticize English inaccuracy about American writing, he should not, in an earlier piece, attribute Browning's *Evelyn Hope* to Tennyson). But in "A Final Note on Chanda Bell" he is on sure ground, and his satire on a particular sort of American literary nonsense is superb.

Uneven as *Thurber Country* is, it is a fine book, and its unevenness is a result of Thurber's refusal to embrace a formula for his writing, as S. J. Perelman has done, to his destruction. Every Thurber piece is different; it is his outlook, rather than tricks of style, that gives his books unity. He has something personal to say, and he thinks deeply about everything he writes. Crassly patronizing though such a statement may sound, I must insist that most professional humorists do *not* think about what they write, and trust to tricks and cheese and charwomen to pull them through. As the quality of any man's thought varies, the quality of Thurber's work varies, but none of it is stereotyped. It is all fresh, and at its best it is as good as anything the U.S. has brought forth since Mark Twain.

And now, if you wish, let battle be joined once again in the great fight about English and American humor. But excuse me from service; in our Hundred Years' War I seek only the office of peacemaker.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

THE BEST HUMOUR FROM PUNCH—edited by William Cole, illustrated by Sprod — pp. 350—*Nelson, Foster & Scott*—$3.95.

THE PICK OF PUNCH — pp. 206 — *Clarke, Irwin* — $2.65.

THURBER COUNTRY—by James Thurber—pp. 276, drawings by the author — *Musson* — $4.00.

From "Thurber Country"

In Brief

THE VERMILION BOAT—by Sudhin N. Ghose, illustrated by Shrimati Carlile—pp. 302—*Michael Joseph*—$4.00.

The setting of this book reminds the British reader that there was a small part of India whose Western culture was French. The vermilion boat is symbolic of the author's childhood in Chandernagore where he played with such a toy in the sandalwood pool which fed the perfumed fountains in his grandmother's ancestral home; and of his youth when he first became aware of the significance of the mind-born goddess Manasa and her sea-nymphs.

Framed in the slight story of the author's student days in Calcutta and of his first love affair with an Eurasian girl are sketches of Indian life, of

Hindu and Chinese character, stories of Bengal history, Indian poems, and Hindu legends. Some of the stories are brimming with poetry and some are very funny. The best of them combine poetry and humor.

This book is rather hazy in its outlines to the Western mind, but it is full of joyfulness and exotic beauty, and will delight those who like an intimate cheerful glimpse of faraway places with the accent on mood. The graceful drawings, in perfect accord with the text, contribute to the total effect.

BLACK MAN'S TOWN — by Isobel Ryan, Assisted and Illustrated by Bill Ryan—pp. 249, endpaper map—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.00.

Here is Africa without glamour. After a term in Nigeria and leave at "home" in England, the Ryans returned to West Africa to establish a lumber business in the Gold Coast. Their second experience as "Coasters" coincided with the period of imprisonment spent by Kwame Nkruma for sedition and his subsequent release to become a government leader.

But this book is not concerned with politics or with big personalities. Dealing with Africans as individuals, it describes black and white relationships in British West Africa in terms of the trivial yet important intricacies of daily life. It tries to understand the background of attitude and prejudice on both sides. It contrasts the American and English characters as modified by the special strains imposed on them by the West African climate and milieu.

Black Man's Town reveals nothing startling or controversial, but its intelligent common sense will be of interest to all advocates of inter-racial goodwill.

THE PRISONER OF OTTAWA: Otto Strasser—by Douglas Reed—pp. 272—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.50.

In a well-documented book, a former Berlin correspondent for *The Times* of London recounts the inter-wars sequence of internal affairs in Germany and examines the question: Why was Otto Strasser, the most prominent opponent of Hitlerism and Communism in Germany, detained in Canada for eleven years?

The answer which Mr. Reed proposes is especially interesting at this time of Western self-examination. Certainly, if the answer here proposed is incorrect, the Department of External Affairs should propose a different

• •

Let's Pull for Santa

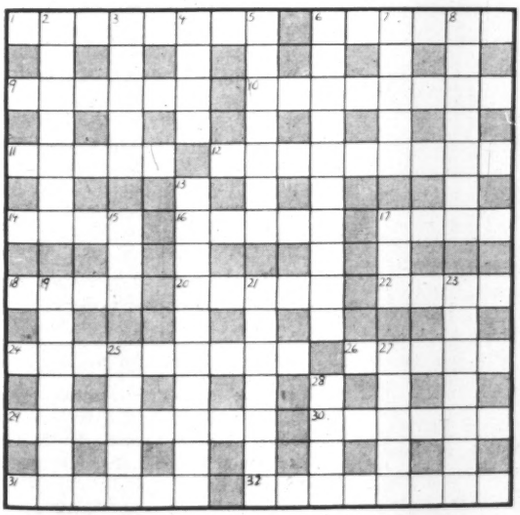
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. See 31.
6. Makes her sad appearance the night before Christmas. (6)
9. Is this the jingle belle of the ball? (6)
10. According to Kipling the female is than the male. (8)
11. In this case she wasn't a fox. (5)
12. To do this may make the tale a bore. (9)
14. She came back to eat— (4)
16. — her Christmas dinner steamed and baked But after it her stomach . . . (5)
17. The head signifies agreement. (4)
18. It's the last word in churches! (4)
20. Makes ample shade. (5)
22. She was one of the film Gentry, and a real gem! (4)
24. Polish with which Todd Duncan played this role in "Porgy and Bess"? (5-4)
26. This one needs a little love. (5)
29. In the theatre I act differently after a tot of liquor. (8)
30. This may come as a bit of a blow. (6)
31. 1. See 6 across, 9, 11, 26, 5, 15 and 17 down, 21, 23, 25. (6, 8)
32. Going around in gourmets' company may produce this effect on one's figure. (8)

DOWN

2. Do you try this with your taxes? No. I save up! (7)
3. St. Nicholas 'as lost out, but 'e picked up. (5)
4. It's only the little ones that listen for 31, 1. (4)
5. 22-nosed recent recruit. (7)
6. But they're the breath of life to an undertaker. (4, 6)
7. Just the system for 25. (5)
8. Built up by 1 etc. without the strap. (7)
13. The car takes me at 50. Then I up-set. (10)
15, 17. See 23. (6)
19. To make ma a liar may put her in a fever. (7)
21 It's the spring that makes it such a high stepper. (7)
23. It moves with lightning speed over Germany, with 15, 17 down thundering after. (7)
25. The team's tail-light? (5)
27. Its clue suggests you do this to 2. (5)
28. About finished? Not quite, Ben Adhem! (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle.

ACROSS

1. Misinformation
8. Roadbed
9. Rear end
11. Nora
12 Singleness
14. Cleans
15. Ululates
17. Well held
19. Erupts
23. Spoilsport
24. Reel
26 Epitome
27. Augment
28. Seven years' itch

DOWN

1. Moronic
2. Shad roe
3. Nibs
4 Ordain
5. Marigold
6. Travellers
7. Overeat
10. Discs
13. On the loose
16. Slippery
17 Waste
18. Lionize
20. Prevent
21. Splotch
22. Armada
25. Ages

(293)

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Sir Ernest MacMillan, Conductor

MESSIAH

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MARGARET STILWELL, *Contralto* — JAMES MILLIGAN, *Bass*

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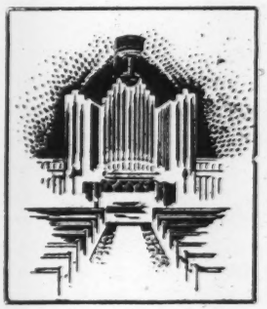

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There's a little booklet just put out by the Investment Dealers' Association called "To Help You Share in Canada's Growth." In an easy-to-read, personal way it outlines the fundamentals of investment . . . the difference between investment and speculation . . . the objectives to keep in mind . . . and gives some examples of portfolio planning. We would like you to read this little booklet and shall be glad to send you a copy with our compliments . . . just drop us a line.

After you have read it, you may have some questions . . . or want information . . . or want to talk about what you've read. All right . . . come in to see us and in a personal way we will talk over your next investment step. This is your invitation.

You will be welcome in any of our offices. If you are too far away, perhaps we can talk by mail.

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ADDRESS.....

one. This story will interest any Canadian who reads the first page of his newspaper.

ISLE OF SINNERS—by Henri Queffelec, translated from the French by James Whitall—pp. 203—*Ryerson*—$2.50.

The parish of Sein, a small, rocky, reef-bound island exposed to all the violence of wind and sea off the coast of Brittany, felt itself abandoned by the Church which could find missionaries to send among savages beyond the seas, but no priest to stay on Sein except for one sinning priest who had endured the island for ten years as his atonement. When he left, the island boy who had served as his sacristan gradually took over the priest's duties, at the insistence of the islanders, and with the disapproval of the Church.

Thomas Gourvennec satisfied better than any outsider had done the religious needs of his parishioners, still symbolized as much by the menhir as by the Cross. He understood why murder was occasionally necessary on this island and why some islanders tried to cause shipwrecks so that they could harvest the plunder from the sea. Death was not important to a people toughened and embittered by centuries of struggle against the sea for a day-to-day existence. Denied by the Church, these fishermen appointed one of themselves to be a fisher of souls.

This is one of those novels that the reader never forgets, for it contributes to the permanent furnishing of his imagination.

MARCEL AND ELISE: The Bold Chronicle of a Strange Marriage—by Marcel Jouhandeau—pp. 223—*McClelland & Stewart*—$4.00.

"Elise possesses all the virtues without delicacy, whereas I have a weakness for all forms of delicacy without possessing any of the virtues."

In the manner of the metaphysical writers of the seventeenth century, Marcel Jouhandeau proposes to himself a paradox or a problem and then exhausts it by verbal attack from all possible angles. But his matter is different. Jouhandeau does not perform mental gymnastics or probe only his own soul. His entire attention and curiosity are directed, and have been so for the past twenty years, to his own personality in relation to the personality of his wife.

Marcel, a homosexual, had met no woman who attracted him until the love of Elise aroused in him the desire that stamped him as a man. For that he married her. Though the physical attraction soon turned to repulsion, the emotional bond between them was strong and deep, and neither of them could break it.

Elise, a Parisian dancer and courtesan, erased her past and her memories. Devoid of sentiment or regret, she became a monument of wifely virtue and possessiveness, serving Marcel by constantly battling his egotism with hers, by matching his kind of poetry or brutality with her own in order that they both might learn about love.

This book is more than a literary curiosity. It is an anatomy of love which only a Frenchman of unlimited sensibilities could write.

M. A. H.

Chess Problem

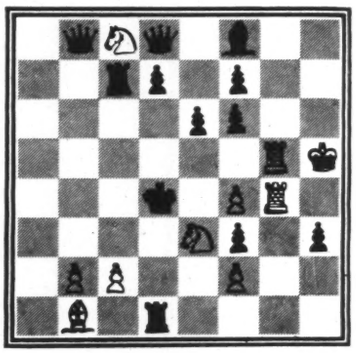
AN EXCELLENT example of the European betting problem is No. 1 in the Civis Bononiae MS., a two-mover shortened from an Arabian five-move Mansuba. The shortening was likely made by the Arabs themselves, as it appears thus in the Arabian section of the Alfonsine MS., though with the white King and two opposing Rooks added. In this form it was a true Mansuba, or demonstration of a White win by one method only. The lighter European transcription called for the terms herewith:

White: R on QR2; Kts on K4 and KB3. Black: K on KB8; Kts on KKt7 and KR8. Mate in two exactly.

The mating expedient, 1.R-B2ch, KtxR; 2.Kt-Kt3, has appeared to this day in many more elaborate settings.

Problem No. 45, by "Centaur."

Black—Eleven Pieces



White—Eleven Pieces

White to play, mate in two

Setting up the Civis Bononiae position at his stand, the proposer of the bet would say: "This is a mate in two; do you choose White or Black?". The bettor would likely recognize the four Knights in a row, and choose the Whites in agreement that mate in two was possible. Then the proposer of the bet, following the instructions in the MS., would appear to get confused, say he had forgotten the white King, placing it at KKt4. The chances were that the bettor would say it did not affect the solution by 1.R-B2ch, etc. But he was soon made to realize that the white King suffers a check.

Likely a day or so later the bettor would appear on the scene again, seeking to make recovery. The crafty gambler in charge would appear not to recognize him and go through the same process, but this time placing the white King on KR3. The bettor, carefully noting that the white King would again suffer a check, accepts the challenge, chooses the Blacks and says there is no mate in two. When shown that there is a new mate in two by 1.RxKt, he finds he is again a loser.

Solution of Problem No. 44.

Key-move 1.R-Q5, threatening 2.QxR mate. If RxR; 2.Q-Kt4 mate. If R-K4; 2.R-Q4 mate. If R-B6; 2.QRxP mate. If R-B5; 2.Q-K6 mate. If KxR; 2.Q-B6 mate.

"CENTAUR"

Business

Care and Cultivation of Paying Guests

CNR

THE 300-ROOM ANNEX to the Macdonald in Edmonton is the only major hotel to have been built in the West since the war.

By HARRY BOWLEY

THE CHANCES that you are reading this in a hotel room are better than one in a hundred. That is the proportion of this country's population which, on an average, is registered at Canadian hotels at any given time. And—sceptical though you may be if you have had to stand in line lately for a room—it is a mere 58 per cent of the number the hotels *can* accommodate.

This figure of 58 per cent occupancy (for 1951, the latest year for which statistics are available) is an average in more ways than one; and hotel men have long recognized averages as mere paper abstractions. For one thing, it includes all hotels, from a six-room wooden shell in Lost Corners, Saskatchewan, all the way up to the Royal York. In practice, the larger hotels have proportionately fewer empty rooms. For another thing, it spreads the paying guests evenly over 365 days—a set-up regarded in the hotel world as indistinguishable from Nirvana, but just as unattainable.

A typical Canadian hotel is jampacked in spring and early summer, and echoes hollowly to the caged tread of an occasional travelling salesman in December. There is a pronounced weekly cycle, too; in most centres, business is brisk from Monday to Thursday, but there is a major exodus as the week-end nears. This cycle is reversed in popular week-end resorts such as Niagara Falls.

During and since the war, Canadians have acquired both a taste for hotel life and the means to pay for it. This fact, coupled with an expanding population, has caused a hotel shortage. Our 5,092 hotels, with their 146,441 rooms containing 257,657 beds, just aren't enough to cope with peak periods. Yet, in an era of widespread business expansion, little hotel construction is under way or in prospect. There is some enlargement going on, and a good deal of renovating and modernization; but the only hotels of any importance built since the war are the 1,110-room Laurentien in Montreal, and the 300-room annex to the Macdonald in Edmonton. The CNR is blueprinting a twenty-million-dollar structure for Montreal, but beyond that, little new construction is in sight.

Part of the reason lies in increased building costs. It takes around $20,000 a room to build a first-class big-city hotel today, and at least half that for a small-town hotel with no frills at all. The new hotel must then set its rates to compete with hotels built before the war at half the cost. Few new business ventures offer a less promising prospect for a reasonable return on investment than a hotel.

Another part of the reason brings us back to the matter of occupancy. To break even today, a hotel manager must have four-fifths of his rooms rented continuously over the course of a year. (Before the war, he could get by with three out of five rented.) This rise in the break-even point is a result of the fact that, since pre-war, operating costs have risen about twice as much as room rates—100-120 per cent as against 50-60 per cent. The situation leaves precious little leeway, and, in fact, most hotels are operating now below the break-even point as far as rooms are concerned, the difference being made up through sale of meals and beverages. Hotel room registrations have fallen off only very slightly from their wartime peak; but it would not take much of a slump, at today's operating costs, to put the industry in the doldrums.

AT THE MOMENT, however, the hotel business is prospering, a fact which any hotelman will cheerfully admit. Hotelmen feel they are entitled to a little prosperity; the last depression hit them hard, and they are fully aware that another depression would do the same. Hotels take a terrific shellacking whenever the economic machinery slows down. The first thing people think of doing is to stay home. And the hotelman can retrench only so far. His establishment must still be heated, taxes and insurance must be paid, repair and maintenance costs must be met. A Regina hotel man remembers periods during the thirties when his guests—eleven of them in 150 rooms—were outnumbered four to one by employees, and it cost him $2,000 a month to stay in business.

A hotel man, like Einstein, deals in space and time. His basic unit of merchandise is so many cubic feet of space to be rented for so many hours. Every day a room stands empty represents a dead loss which can never be made up.

Men in the hotel business say the industry has two major problems. The first is to change people's travelling habits, to even out the yearly and weekly cycles. The public being what it is—fickle to its favorites, perhaps, but fiercely loyal to its own whims—they see little prospect of getting anywhere here. The second problem is to cut down operating costs in every possible direction, to compensate for skyrocketing overhead. (Wages and salaries, for instance, are up 175 per cent over pre-war figures.) They are loath to increase room rates, since they are convinced these are as high as they can go without triggering the law of diminishing returns.

Some of the newer hotels economize by leasing various facilities to specialists. For instance, the food service at the Laurentien is handled by Murray's; the garage, newsstand, barber shop and beauty salon are also operated by outside firms, leaving the hotel staff free to concentrate on renting rooms. Service is still the watchword in hotel circles, but it is service against a background designed for efficiency. The day of the grand hotel, with its remote ceilings, long vistas of lobby, and huge, ornately decorated ballrooms, is over. And even while we heave a nostalgic sigh for the gilded elegance of yesteryear, let us remind ourselves that if it were still available, few of us, at today's prices, would ever get past the potted palms in the doorway.

In 1951, sale of alcoholic beverages accounted for almost exactly one-half of total receipts of Canadian hotels. This fact is not overlooked by temperance groups, who have been sniping steadily away at the hotel industry for decades. Actually, few people are more in favor of temperance, in its literal sense, than hotel proprietors. An inebriated customer does nothing to enhance the tone of an establishment, and is generally removed from the premises with as much firmness as the situation calls for.

Licensing regulations vary widely from one province to another (no alcoholic beverages at all are sold by hotels in Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick), but in general there is close co-operation between the hotel association and the licensing authorities in a province. The licensing board has (and, if necessary, uses) the power to revoke the licence of any hotel which it feels is not operating in the public interest. Without question, the sale of beer, wine and spirits keeps the price of a hotel room considerably lower than it would otherwise be.

Room rentals in 1951 brought in 23.3 per cent of total revenue; meals 17.7 per cent; other sources, 8.4 per cent; and beverages the remainder.

On the other side of the ledger, biggest single item of expenditure was "cost of goods sold"—i.e., beverages, food, etc.—and the next biggest was wages. The industry pays some $80 million a year to more than 60,000 employees. About three per cent of hotel income was paid out in taxes. (That's three per cent of *income*, not of profits.)

While we're riffling through statistics, here are some more. Vancouver, with 97 hotels, has more than any other Canadian city; Montreal and Toronto follow at a respectful distance with 44 and 42 respectively. Toronto, Halifax and Saint John,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

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OFFICES ACROSS CANADA FROM COAST TO COAST

Gold & Dross

Western Tungsten

I AM HOLDING *a considerable number of shares of Western Tungsten which I bought at very high prices. Would you recommend that these shares be held and would you advise more shares be purchased to average my cost?—G. W., Montreal.*

Despite a steady flow of encouraging news from the mine and reports that shipments of concentrates have lately been at substantial levels, the most significant thing about this stock is the steady and persistent selling that has carried the price down from the high of 4.35 marked earlier this year to the recent low of 45 cents. As an annual report will not be available for quite some time and the previous report showed a deficit in working capital with current liabilities of $449,671 exceeding current assets of $261,188 by a considerable margin, it would appear that the stock action is significant.

To increase your position in order to "average down" would be a fundamental error that merely increases the risk of further loss. It would be better to take a position in another stock which shows greater possibilities of capital appreciation.

Consumers' Gas

I HAVE *a few shares of Consumers' Gas, purchased at present levels, and am considering the purchase of more of it. Can you tell me, what, if any, restrictions are placed on the Company in the rates they may charge their customers or what percentage of earnings are paid out in dividends?*

Would you care to estimate the earnings after distribution of American gas comes into operation? — M.E.W., Newcastle, N.B.

The operations of this company are rather severely hedged in by statutory requirements. The dividend payment is not to exceed 10 per cent per year. Should net earnings fall below the amount required for dividends, the price of gas may be increased to the level required to maintain dividends. Conversely, when earnings are in excess of dividend requirements the surplus must be credited to a special account for the reduction of gas charges.

With these restrictions, any estimate of an improvement in earnings as a result of an expansion of distribution would be strictly academic.

It is better to consider the company from the point of view of long term growth and stability of earnings. Even in the years of the Great Depression, dividend payments were maintained, and as long as people keep heating homes and cooking food, habits that are hard to break, dividends are likely to continue.

Should cheap natural gas become available to the company for distribution, its competitive position would be enhanced — especially in the field of heating, if American experience is any guide.

The company should continue to grow in a fairly constant ratio to the growth of population in the Toronto area. Therefore it is a true growth stock, and our recommendation is to buy and hold for income.

Sherwin-Williams

I WOULD LIKE *to have your opinion on the preferred stock of the Sherwin-Williams Co., of Canada. Do you consider it a "gilt edged" investment? Would it be preferable to dispose of it, not from the point of view of speculation or appreciation, but of security, stability and permanence of income? Would you recommend replacing it with some other security?—F. J. L., Montreal.*

A survey of the balance sheets of this company shows that it is in an excellent financial condition. Profits have been at a level to permit the payment of an extra dividend on the common shares and at the same time increase the surplus position by $671,995 to $9,339,131.

Thus the means to maintain the preferred dividend rate of 7 per cent are more than substantial. With the exception of the grim years of 1933-1935, when the preferred dividend was reduced or omitted, this rate has been maintained since 1912, and the dividend arrears of the thirties were made up more than a decade ago.

While the yield at the present price of 135 is down to 5.2 per cent, the desirability of a switch into a bond of approximately equal yield is offset by the fact that the dividend credit on your income tax would be lost.

All factors considered, holding your position is advisable.

Soo Line Bonds

WOULD YOU KINDLY *let me know what you think of the General mortgage series "A" 4 per cent income bonds of the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railroad. Are they a good investment for a Canadian?*

A year ago I bought four at 62¼, and now they are selling at 52. What is the future of these bonds and should a person buy the odd one as an investment?—H.G.W., Winnipeg.

The Soo Line, as it is better known, is controlled by the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is classed as a "granger" road—that is, its main traffic is the haulage of grain. In 1952, for example, grain accounted for 28.6 per cent of all its freight traffic. As it mainly serves a farming population, the price of crops largely determines the level of prosperity in the areas the line crosses and consequently the total volume of freight.

The income bonds which you hold rank sixth among the obligations to which the net income of the railroad

shall be applied. The trust deed reads as follows: "The available net income shall be applied, after the other provisions have been complied with, to the payment of interest on the series 'A' bonds and seventh to the payment of the annual sinking fund for the retirement of them."

Although $20,129,000 of these bonds were authorized, only $14,486,000 are now outstanding. As at the end of 1952, $2,140,300 had been retired by the sinking fund, $1,501,900 had been re-acquired and $2 million had been cancelled.

As the sinking fund clause demands that on May 1 of each year one-half of one per cent of the aggregate amount of the series "A" bonds issued, or the available net income, whichever is least, shall be applied to the redemption of these bonds, at par plus interest, it appears that your investment has good safeguards.

The operation of the sinking fund and the purchases of bonds in the open market by the company will considerably reduce the amount of bonds outstanding. Thus, over the longer term they hold a good possibility of a capital gain if called for retirement.

At present, due to the possibilities of traffic slowing on the road, due to the glut of agricultural products, these bonds appear to be of interest for income only. As the yield at 52 is quite generous, further purchases are recommended.

Fleetwood Yellowknife

I HOLD *15,000 shares of Fleetwood Yellowknife Mines, 10,000 bought at 20 cents and 5,000 bought at 43. It made a high of 70 but it is now down to 20 cents. What do you think of its future?—W. A., London, Ont.*

The possibilities and future of any uranium property are guessing matters. The only indicative clues have been supplied by the market action of the stocks. The action of most of them has been anything but encouraging.

Practically all of the action in this issue has stemmed from the efforts of the underwriters to market stock held under option. Some news was reported from the property last August but nothing in the way of an indication of the possible commercial ore body has appeared, as far as we know.

Stocks can always be bought, but the opportunities for selling them profitably are not so common. Take your loss.

Cassiar Asbestos

I AM CONSIDERING *the purchase of Cassiar Asbestos, hoping for dividends and appreciation within a reasonable time. However, the expansion plans of some of the other asbestos companies which do not have the same distances and transportation problems to face, make me a little dubious of my choice. I would appreciate your comments.—G. D. O., Montreal.*

While Cassiar has a deposit of high grade asbestos, which commands a good market, both the demand and the prices of the lower grades of asbestos have steadily weakened. This is reflected in the difficulties at least one producer has encountered (difficulties that finally forced the company into the bankruptcy court), and the decline in shipments of asbestos from Quebec. For the first ten months of this year shipments declined from the 762,487 tons of 1952 to 739,524 tons. Much of the decline has been in the latter half of the year.

Due to the long haul by truck and rail from the mine to tidewater, freight costs are expected to run about $60-$80 per ton to Vancouver. Mining, milling and freight costs may make all but the highest grades uneconomical to mine and thus limit production.

These factors are reflected in the market action of the stock. From the high of 9.50, recorded in March, the stock has declined to 5.75, recovered to 7.15 and steadily retreated since October to the present price of 6.15.

From this it appears that the decline could easily be extended to 4.50. Thus it would seem best to defer purchase until there are some definite indications of a halt in the downward trend.

In Brief

WHAT WOULD *you advise me to do about shares in Fenimore Iron, which I bought at 1.40? It is now around 50 cents. Should I hold or take a loss?—F. I. M., Montreal.*

Holding seems warranted.

I HAVE HELD *shares in Bashaw Leduc for almost two years. Is it just another speculation? — M.B.M., Regina.*

It was. Sell or switch.

WHAT DO YOU *think of Fleet Manufacturing? Is it a buy or a sell?—D.A.K., Toronto.*

A sale.

WHAT WOULD YOU *advise I do with 750 shares of Canada Radium Mines? Would you advise sale or holding?—C.C., London, Ont.*

Sell.

WOULD YOU GIVE *me your thoughts on Sweet Grass Oil, as a speculation?*

Sour.

COULD YOU *express an opinion on Consolidated Irlac Mines?—G. E. S., Toronto.*

Sell it.

I HOLD *200 Dominion Tar at 8½. I would appreciate your advice. — J. T. S., Vancouver.*

Hold your position.

WHAT DO YOU *think of Poplar Oils? Is it a buy?—A. R., Petrolia, Ont.*

Anything but.

•

We regret that the volume of requests for information from Gold & Dross exceeds our capacity to answer them. Readers must confine their inquiries to one stock and must supply their full name and address. Letters without signatures and addresses will not be answered.

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The B. Greening Wire Company Limited

COMMON DIVIDEND NO. 66

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT at a meeting of the Directors of The B. Greening Wire Company, Limited, held in the office of the Company on December 3rd, 1953, a dividend of Five Cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company was declared payable January 2nd, 1954, to shareholders of record December 15th, 1953.

By Order of the Board,

A. M. DOUDA,
Secretary.

Hamilton, Ontario,
December 3rd, 1953.

Ashley & Crippen

GERARD GINGRAS: No parking problems.

Who's Who in Business

EVERY FALL the thriving investment house of René-T. Leclerc has to get along without the help of Gérard Gingras, its Assistant to the President, who is busy on a job of greater national significance—selling Canada Savings Bonds. His part in this patriotic activity began with the war when he became attached to the Bank of Canada and served, in various capacities, in Victory Loan campaigns.

In 1946 he helped to set up the new payroll system of savings, still in effect today, and since that year has served as the Plan's Director for the Province of Quebec.

Just about now, with the returns in from the last of Quebec's 900 odd industrial plants, Gérard Gingras (who was 46 this month) is settling down again in Montreal's St. James Street which has always been his favorite spot to work, ever since he discovered his talent for mathematics back in his school days.

"I was 17 when I left school and the first thing I did was to look up the addresses of several St. James Street companies, finally writing to the investment firm of L. G. Beaubien & Co. Ltd.," he recalls. "They put me on to licking stamps and doing messages and, while I thought my education merited a better status, I didn't mind too much starting at the bottom."

The young mathematician didn't stay long at the bottom, however. Within two years he was Secretary-Treasurer of the firm and he remained there until war began in 1939.

The postwar years brought him more responsibilities, first in his new job with René-T. Leclerc Inc., then as Secretary of the boot and shoemaking firm of Alfred Lambert Inc. and its subsidiaries, and as a Director of the Harricana & Gatineau Telephone Company.

But it is almost axiomatic in the business world that the less spare time a man has, the more the demands that will be made upon it and grey-haired M. Gingras is no exception.

Before this year is over he will, in his capacity as President of the Investment Dealers' Association, have begun a countrywide tour of member offices from St. John's to Victoria; there are 412 altogether and before his Presidency expires next June he hopes to visit most of them. He is fond of travel, particularly by air. He does not own a car, claiming that the lack of one solves a good many problems.

It certainly obviates any squabbles among other members of the family about who should borrow the family car. Since his daughter, Suzanne, got married, the Gingras household has been predominantly male consisting of himself, his wife Cécile, and two sons —23-year-old Gérard, a medical student and 19-year-old commerce student, Michel.

Gérard Gingras, Montreal-born son of a tea and coffee salesman, is a short, friendly, quick-witted man with varied interests. Completely bilingual (French and English) he reads for business and pleasure in both languages, canvasses for charitable and hospital campaigns for both French-speaking and English-speaking people, and is something of a gourmet about good food with a special fondness for Chinese cooking.

His indoor interests include piano playing and woodworking. He likes to play golf, but admits that he is one of the world's worst players—an admission cheerfully shared by his investment dealer colleagues who were so fascinated by the immense score he ran up at a recent tournament that they presented him with a spade.

JOHN WILCOCK

EVERYONE NEEDS THE SUN

SUN INSURANCE OFFICE LTD. · FOUNDED 1710 · FIRE MARINE & STAFF

THE OLDEST INSURANCE OFFICE IN THE WORLD

Robert P. Simpson, *Manager For Canada*

15 WELLINGTON STREET EAST
TORONTO, ONTARIO

CANADIAN INVESTMENT FUND

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK
Ltd.

THE CONSOLIDATED MINING AND SMELTING COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 97

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of Forty cents (40c) per share, and an extra distribution of Twenty cents (20c) per share, on the paid up Capital Stock of the Company, have this day been declared for the six months ending the 31st day of December, 1953, payable on the 15th day of January, 1954, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 18th day of December, 1953.

By Order of the Board.

L. O. REID,
Secretary.

Montreal, P.Q.,
December 11th, 1953.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND No. 268

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st January 1954 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after MONDAY, the FIRST day of FEBRUARY 1954, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st December 1953. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board.

N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager.

Toronto, 11th December 1953.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

NB, shared honors in 1951 for the highest proportion of occupied rooms; occupancy in these cities was 81 per cent. Revenue from beverage sales was highest by far, proportionately, in the Prairie Provinces.

The largest group of Canadian hotels—some 45 per cent—have from eleven to 25 rooms. Only twelve hotels have more than 500 rooms.

Every car that rolls off the assembly lines in Windsor and Oshawa means another headache for a hotel manager. Somebody is going to buy that car, and travel in it; either he will stop at a motel, or he will head for a downtown hotel and want parking space. The parking problem concerns Canadian hotel men far more than motels do; to date the latter are not numerous enough in Canada to have made any great inroads into hotel revenues. But parking is something else again. New hotels are built with the problem in mind — the Laurentien has room underneath it for 100 cars—but many older hotels were built in the heyday of rail travel, when the pinnacle of customer convenience was to be next door to the station.

In the United States, where motel competition is a factor to be reckoned with, many hotels have countered by installing a separate entrance for the motoring public, complete with its own registration desk, on the theory that no travel-stained citizen wants to parade his dishevelled condition through a lobby populated with aloof, immaculate strangers. The theory has paid off.

Hotels have achieved a certain unpopularity with some travellers who have made a reservation well in advance and had it confirmed, only to find on arrival that the room was not available. This situation, the raw material of a hotel manager's nightmare, does occasionally happen, although not often. What can the manager do? He may have a certain room reserved for a date two weeks hence, but that doesn't mean he must keep the room vacant for two weeks. He rents it to someone on the understanding that the occupant will abandon it before the man with the reservation arrives. Then, on the day in question, the weather turns bad, airline flights are cancelled, and the incumbent reports that he will need the room for one more day at least. All the other rooms are occupied. It is a situation that calls for tact, diplomacy, and aspirin.

It is usually solved by turning one or other of the rival claimants over to a competing hostelry, at the first hotel's expense. Truly, competition is a good thing to have, in more ways than one.

Advertising

Excited Selling and Buying

"MORE DIVIDENDS from Brand Selling," a brochure issued by the Brand Names Foundation Inc., New York, announces the 125 winners in the Brand name Retailer-of-the-Year Awards for 1953. The Foundation is a non-profit organization sponsored by nearly 900 manufacturers, advertising agencies, publishers, radio networks and stations, and other service firms. The objective is to give the public information about nationally advertised brands which help to make daily living better for more people.

Annual awards are made to merchants in 25 types of retail stores who are doing an outstanding year-round job in getting behind the national brand merchandise they sell. A bronze plaque and four certificates of distinction are presented annually in each of the five retail categories. The 1953 brochure reproduces advertisements, spot announcements on radio and TV, program commercials, interior and window displays by winning contestants. The presentation is a graphic and convincing argument in support of brand name national advertising and its value to manufacturer, retailer and consumer.

Next to the word "free," copywriters rejoice to see "new" in their briefs. A spate of national advertising for new or improved products is appearing in various media. Full 2-color pages in newspapers feature "New Blue Surf", the detergent that "saves soaking, bleaching, bluing." Northern Electric "very proudly presents their new 1954 television." The "all-new permanent" is heralded by Richard Hudnut. Chase and Sanborn instant coffee is a "New Breakfast Hit." Yardley of London directs attention to a new home dispenser for Yardley hand cream. "New desserts by the dozen" are offered with Jello puddings. Thermos Bottle Company Ltd. steps out with the "New 'Spoon Mouth' vacuum bottle, with new drip-proof lip and new safety-guard tip." Johnson's "Glo-Coat" is "new" and the can has a "new handy pouring spout." New from Kraft Kitchen comes "Cheez Whiz." Sheaffers "Fineline 500" is "New—Different—Better."

Among current premium offers advertised extensively are two by Kellogg: a set of 50 Christmas cards for $1 and two box tops, and a two-piece silver set, initialled, available for 75c and the usual evidence of purchase. Lever Bros. will send Ontario housewives pinking shears for $1 and a box top.

Canadian metropolitan dailies and magazines are carrying an unusually heavy volume of tourist and travel advertising. Outstanding is Cook's list of tours ranging from a trip around the world to Mexican "Sunshine Tours." Hotels, motels, resorts, steamship lines, airlines, bus lines, Florida, California, West Indies, the United Kingdom and other spots combine to stir an active wanderlust in many and create vain longings in the minds of others who must wait for summer to dispel the winter of their discontent. Tying in with all this travel promotion, L. McBrine Company, Ltd., Kitchener, Ont., is using a schedule of magazines, newspapers, and week-end papers to advertise McBrine baggage for personal use and as gifts.

For a good many years "Industrial Marketing," a Chicago industrial magazine, has published the number of advertising pages carried each year by Canadian trade papers. Lack of interested co-operation from publishers has put an end to this service and efforts to persuade the Chicago editor to continue have met with a firm refusal. The Business Newspapers' Association of Canada has issued a circular to members deploring this "regrettable state of affairs" and pointing out the silliness of failing to provide "a barometer showing the growth, or lack of it, within our industry." The message adds: "There is nothing secret about these figures; anyone can secure them on any publication at any time by simply adding up the pages."

This is something few, if any, trade paper advertisers will take the trouble to do, and their indifference is liable to equal, if not exceed, that of the publishers. BNA members have been informed that a Canadian business weekly will endeavor to secure and publish advertising linage in Canadian trade papers for 1953, and subsequent years. "Prompt and complete response" to requests for the information is asked.

Excited selling leads to excited buying. A considerable volume of ardent advertising is appearing at present. "Whee! It's *blue!*" cries an amazed housewife as she sinks into a basketful of laundry and scatters the contents of a package of Blue Surf detergent all over the floor. "Revolutionizes all shaving!" announces Colgate-Palmolive, the product being Rapid Shave, a "sensational new discovery" put up in a "new lather bomb" container. In much smaller space, Rise, the Push-Bottom Shave, is also introduced as a "new lather bomb." Still another push-bottom shaving cream is Williams Instant Lather, giving the "fastest shave ever". Maxwell House instant coffee waxes enthusiastic about the "amazing new" brand—"not a powder! not a grind! but millions of tiny 'flavor' buds of real coffee . . . ready to burst instantly into that famous Maxwell House flavor."

JOHN CARLTON

By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
to the late King George VI
W. M. Sanderson & Son, Ltd., Leith
'Quality Tells'
VAT 69
Finest
SCOTCH WHISKY
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

One Key
Two Doors . . .

There are a few people in each Canadian community who influence the opinions of their neighbors . . . the bank manager . . . the president of a company . . . the doctor or lawyer . . . minister or editor . . . or a successful merchant. These thoughtful Canadians are the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT.

If all SATURDAY NIGHT families lived in one city . . . it would be the 7th largest city in Canada with a population of 200,000 (larger than Edmonton). These families have a spending power of more than half a billion dollars . . . drive more than 48,500 cars . . . own 40,000 homes . . . and have an average income almost 3 times the national average. They represent a truly important family market.

The men in these families are successful executives in industry and finance, professional and public men. Upon them rests the decisions for guiding business, health and government.

The one key which opens the doors to these two markets . . . the door to Canada's finest families and the door to business leaders . . . is

Saturday Night

EATON'S

About Town
Savoir Faire

with an English ascot and accent . . . the couture suit from Britain, superbly tailored in patterned weave of all-wool worsted. Just one from Eaton's new collection of imported fashions in suits.

EATON'S . . .
CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL
ORGANIZATION . . .
STORES AND ORDER OFFICES
FROM COAST TO COAST

Food

OF ALL EPICUREAN delights, the one having the most protean flavor is probably Crêpes Suzette. Nearly every bistro has its own particular recipe and each believes its own to be just right. However, it is this lack of uniformity which adds zest to the anticipatory wait when the crêpes are ordered.

Upon arrival, the crêpes themselves will be found to conform broadly to a standard architecture, but the sauce will be the individual *pièce de résistance* of the house. From an ambrosial bouquet of flavors may come orange, lemon, brandy, champagne, sauterne or a liqueur.

The word "crêpes" was probably old French in origin, and became widely used in England during Norman times to designate a type of little pancake then popular, but it was not until the late 1890s that they were awarded gastronomical fame by one Joseph, Maître d' Hôtel of a middle-class Parisian Restaurant.

Joseph's restaurant happened to be near a theatre, and at this theatre was being presented a play in which a saucy maid named Suzette served pancakes. The plot of the play hinged on the pancakes, so what was more natural, when people dropped into Joseph's for supper, than that they should ask for pancakes?

Being a man of resource, Joseph literally cooked up a new dish, which, he announced, he had conceived in honor of Suzette, now the darling of Paris. So Crêpes Suzette were born.

Joseph has now long since joined his ancestors, and having left no written records, there is no way of checking the recipe. Hence Crêpes Suzette are what they are where you get them.

One widely used recipe:

Beat two eggs until they are very light and lemon colored. Grate finely half a lemon rind. Mix with a quarter of a teaspoon of salt. Take a cup and a half of fresh milk. Stir all together gradually. To one cup of cake flour, add one tablespoon of finely powdered sugar and sift very carefully. Then beat the milk mixture into this very slowly. Drop uniform quantities of the resulting batter on a greased griddle. These spread out into nice crêpes which should be cooked slowly, turning them over until each side is golden brown.

Before making the crêpes, pour four ounces of champagne into a chafing dish, under which is a small flame. Take the juice of one orange and add to it a tablespoon of crushed sugar. Add to the heating champagne. Grate up one third of an orange rind and stir into the mixture. Melt half a cup of butter and stir it in. Cover and cook gently until a thick sauce results.

When each crêpe is ready, dip it into this mixture. Lift out and roll up. Sprinkle with more powdered sugar. Serve immediately.

Carefully concocted, this dish tempts saints and converts sinners.

BEVIS WALTERS

ANOTHER *view of Mrs. Watson's large living-room, with its tray ceiling, its coral wall behind the fireplace and three aqua walls, its circular rose satin settee and aqua linen wing chairs.*

MRS. EDNA WATSON, *formerly of Montreal, and Josiah Hutchings II, at "Harbour Lights", her home in Hamilton, Bermuda.*

women

MR. AND MRS. WALTER STASKOW *in their Hamilton home. Mr. Staskow went to Bermuda some five years ago, where he is now assistant manager of ZBM. Mrs. Staskow is the daughter of Sir Howard Trott, of Bermuda.*

All Bermuda photos: Kay Davis, of the Bermuda News Bureau.

Conversation Pieces:

WHEN WE were "on location," arranging the Bermuda pictures that appear on these pages, we discovered that Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Winfield (see the following page) own the only observatory on the Island. Mr. Winfield is a member of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada, as well as being a yachtsman of note, with membership in six yacht clubs in North America.

Mrs. Edna Watson (photographed above, in her home), may not be a yachting enthusiast but she has had two experiences at sea that we wouldn't wish to duplicate. Before World War II, her plane crashed between New York and Bermuda; she is credited with saving the lives of the passengers by her coolness during the nine hours they were on the life-raft. And then during the war itself, the boat on which she was crossing to Italy, as a nursing sister, was torpedoed. When we visited the Walter Staskows (photographed at left), we learned that Mr. Staskow got his start in radio on the Stratford (Ont.) station.

Christmastide seems to be azalea time. If one arrives at your home, remember that it likes a cool temperature—about 60 degrees daytime and 50 degrees at night. It also needs plenty of light, but not the direct rays of the sun.

Do you and your friends still count the months of happiness in the New Year by the number of pieces of Christmas cake eaten before January 1? If you happen to run out of cake before the crucial date, you might like to know that Ogilvie has a new fruit cake mix, complete with a package of raisins and a package of cut fruit. It makes a 1¼ lb. cake.

(CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE)

In the ballet news: the Royal Winnipeg Ballet has announced that Alicia Markova will appear with the company in *Les Sylphides*, during their January performances in Winnipeg. She will also dance *The Dying Swan*, which Pavlova made famous. The National Ballet Company of Canada gave the première performance of a Canadian ballet in Halifax this month; this was *Dark of the Moon*, with choreography by Joey Harris of London, Ont. We met young Mr. Harris at the Slavenska-Franklin ballet in Toronto and learned he had partnered Mia Slavenska a year or so ago, but came home due to illness in his family. Slavenska was dancing the violent and exhausting Blanche Du Bois role in the new ballet, *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

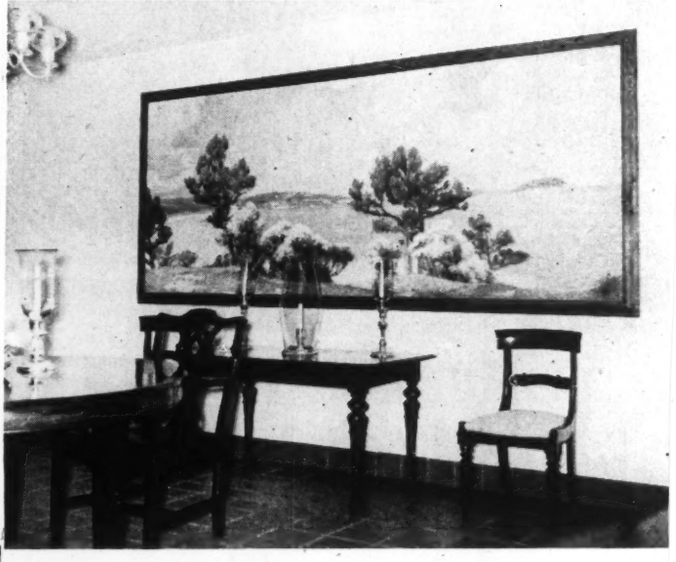
Two more women have made "firsts" in politics. Mrs. Wanda Miller, owner of a summer lodge in Ontario's Muskoka, has been elected Gravenhurst's first woman mayor. She has been a councillor, is President of the Women's Business Club, and is the mother of two grown-up daughters. The second "first" is the election of Mrs. Irene Goldberg as Pembroke (Ont.) Township's first woman councillor.

And another "first" comes in the appointment of Mrs. Joy McGillawee as the managing director of The Wool Bureau of Canada—the first woman to head any of the divisions of the International Wool Secretariat, which has some 22 national centres in places as far apart as France, Pakistan and Japan. Mrs. McGillawee is one of those rarities, a native Torontonian. She taught public school for a few years, did free lance publicity and then joined the Wool Bureau four years ago as director of promotion and publicity.

Alderman and Mrs. Victor B. Anderson, of Winnipeg, celebrated their golden wedding recently. Mr. Anderson has served on the city council for 18 years. Mrs. Anderson, who was born in Iceland, came to Winnipeg when she was 16.

Weddings: Mrs. Olive Freeman Palmer, of Toronto, to John Diefenbaker, MP; Aileen Minda Bronfman, daughter of Samuel Bronfman, of Montreal, to Baron Alain de Gunzburg, in Paris; Marjorie Joyce Finlayson, daughter of Dr. Donald R. Finlayson, of Toronto, to Dr. Edward H. Simmons, of Trenton; Barbara Marion Moe, daughter of Professor G. G. Moe, of Vancouver, to Arthur C. Abrahamson, of the School of Social Work at the University of BC.

LIVING-ROOM *of J. H. Winfield's home, with interest centring on the painting of a sunset at Capri by Cav. Michele Federico.*



THE DINING-ROOM *is dominated by the 15-foot painting of "Long Bay", from Cambridge Beaches, Bermuda, by New York artist Clinton Brown. On the side table are hurricane shades from the Barbados.*

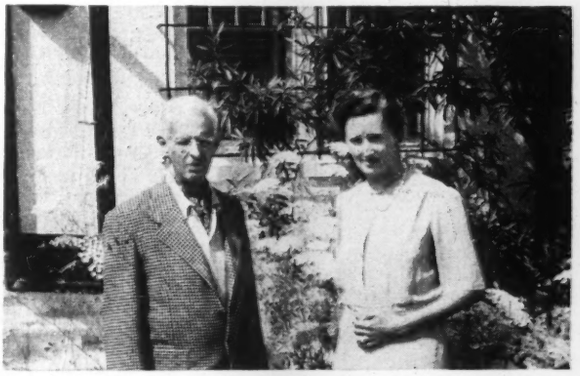
MR. AND MRS. J. H. WINFIELD, *of Chester, N.S., and "Blue Flag" in Somerset, Bermuda. Mr. Winfield is an industrialist, electrical engineer and yachtsman. Photo was taken in cedar doorway into the library.*

Canadians in
Bermuda

EXPORT "A"
FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES

EUNICE, LADY OAKES, *of Niagara Falls, in the drawing-room of "Jacaranda", her Nassau home.*
Photo: Frederic Maura

Canadians in the Bahamas



IN THE *garden of "Coast-guard", Nassau home of Col. and Mrs. Gerald W. Birks of Montreal.*
Photo: Stanley Toogood

INDUSTRIALIST *Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. F. A. Wanklyn, with sons George (1) and John, at "Guanahani", considered one of the finest houses in Nassau. Lieut.-Col. Wanklyn went to the Bahamas from Montreal 17 years ago; married Suzanne Moseley, of a prominent old Bahamian family.*
Photo: Frederic Maura

SIGN OF THE STEER
161 DUPONT STREET

Toronto's Steak-house of distinction
For Reservations
Call RA. 8486
PR. 5842
DUNCAN HINES APPROVED
WINNER of HOLIDAY MAGAZINE AWARD, 1953

7 services in one
PLANS • LAYOUT
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MAILING
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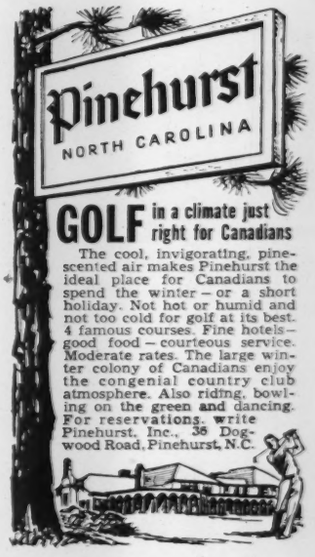
Smart
WHEN ENTERTAINING
PEEK FREAN'S
ASSORTED COCKTAIL BISCUITS
Here's variety for your refreshments when you give a party . . . and all in one packet. And Peek Frean's Assorted Cocktail Biscuits are as appetizing as they are novel.

Mr. Peek & Mr. Frean
MADE BY
PEEK FREAN'S
MAKERS OF Famous ENGLISH Biscuits
615



GOLF in a climate just right for Canadians
The cool, invigorating, pine-scented air makes Pinehurst the ideal place for Canadians to spend the winter — or a short holiday. Not hot or humid and not too cold for golf at its best. 4 famous courses. Fine hotels — good food — courteous service. Moderate rates. The large winter colony of Canadians enjoy the congenial country club atmosphere. Also riding, bowling on the green and dancing. For reservations, write Pinehurst, Inc., 36 Dogwood Road, Pinehurst, N.C.

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New, secondhand and rare Books on every subject. Stock of over three million volumes. Bookbuyers throughout the world praise and recommend this bookshop.
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The ALE of a MAN'S dreams

This is an ALE that is an ALE . . . mellow, tangy, zestful, satisfying. If you choose a man's drink, I.P.A.'s the brew for you. Call for Labatt's* I.P.A. at your favourite hotel or tavern. And for an *extra* treat for yourself and your friends—make sure you have a case at home. John Labatt Limited.

The swing is definitely to

LABATT'S

STUDY AT HOME FOR A DEGREE!

Wolsey Hall (est. 1894) offers you postal tuition for fully recognized London University (Eng.) Degrees, B.A., B.Sc., B.D., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B. No lecture attendance required; only three (in some cases, two) exams to pass; centres across Canada. 17,000 Wolsey Hall students passed London exams 1925-52. Write, stating Degree desired, to G. L. Clarke, B.A., Director of Studies, Dept. OS.29,

WOLSEY HALL, HAMILTON, ONT.

Letters

The Right To School

SATURDAY NIGHT has been paying a great deal of attention to education, and your "Letters" columns reflect that interest. . . . But I have looked in vain for comment on the fallacy, generally accepted today, that everyone has a right to an education.

Everyone has a right to a public school education, but only because the youngsters of that age are more gainfully employed in school than anywhere else. After public school, the right to an education must be earned. The high schools today are full of adolescents just putting in time, and in so doing wasting their own time and that of the teachers. There would be no shortage of teachers and school accommodation if the ranks of those attending secondary schools were ruthlessly weeded of the wasters, the stupid and the idle.

It should not be accepted that passage from public school to high school is an automatic procedure. The number of secondary schools should be limited, and entrance to them made a matter of scholarship. Thus if five hundred wrote Entrance examinations, and there was only room in the school for a hundred, only the top hundred would get into the school.

Winnipeg THOMAS HENDRICKS

Added Incomes

I WONDER why these protagonists of polygamy never stop to consider the reverse situation. I am sure that many women who long for fur coats and fancy cars would find their desires much more quickly and painlessly fulfilled if they were allowed to marry more than one income—pardon me, man.

I am moved to write this in reply to Mr. A. D. Stratton's letter in which he described monogamy as "the absurd state."

Toronto EDITH ORDE TUFF

Municipal Elections

I AGREE absolutely with your correspondent, E. J. Calverly (Dec. 19) about the farce of municipal elections and the calibre of many of the candidates who were running for office. They were, in too many cases, the "nonentities" he describes. Possibly if we held municipal elections every 3 or 4 years, some fresh interest in the democratic process in the local area might be stimulated, but as it is now, the percentage of eligible voters exercising the franchise shows plainly that we do not care how we are governed. It is no wonder that the good candidates are loath to offer themselves, and municipal government becomes the sphere of the aspiring demagogue rather than that of the democratic citizen. We have the example of Athens as to what happens when local politics reaches this phase. L. F. GOODSON

Portage La Prairie, Man.

Cluttered Mails

THIS BUSINESS of sending Christmas cards by the gross and cluttering up the mails for weeks before the day is both a nuisance and nonsense. I have nothing against any honest sentiment which prompts the sending of a cheery greeting, but I am convinced that there is no sentiment behind the sending of thousands of the cards which go out at this season. At most all they express is a tawdry commercialization. Their greeting is generally as banal as their design is vulgar. Let us limit our card sending to those to whom we can really mean the words we write.

Welland, Ont. JAMES MACGREGOR

Tea Drinking

I BELONG to that company of connoisseurs who believe that when the ancients talked of the ambrosial nectar of the Fortunate Isles, they meant tea. Thus I was considerably disturbed when a waitress put a questionnaire, "What do you know about Tea?" on my lunch tray. Why was it being distributed? Is tea drinking on the decline? . . . I took a quiet poll of those within counting distance in the restaurant. Out of every ten patrons, seven drank coffee, two tea and one milk. Neither of the tea drinkers was drinking it properly. One made a syrup of it with three lumps of sugar (something that should be done only as a treatment for shock), and the other, obviously a person of no aesthetic sensibilities, had dumped into his cup a whole jug of cream. Not one person did I see drinking tea in the only civilized way—clear, or with a thick slice of lemon. . . . A drawback to the drinking of tea in restaurants is the way it is served, in thick porcelain mugs; tea demands the finest and most transparent of china and should not be profaned by chipped cups and drippy pots. . .

Ottawa FREDERICK ST. JOHN

Spurious Distinction?

INSTEAD of resurrecting titles, it would be more consistent with our democratic pretensions to abolish the current usage of the word "Honorable" before the names of members of the provincial and federal governments.

Since the *sine qua non* of politics is to win the election, the candidates are not necessarily those best qualified to decide the affairs of the body politic. This is the gravest weakness in the democratic state. Until mass intelligence demands better, we shall continue to elect, in the main, a nondescript crew of mediocrities whose realization of their own shortcomings is revealed by their attempt to hide behind a spurious distinction.

Halifax F. A. LEWIS

Shared Guilt

. . . IT IS TRUE that gambling does not result in maimed bodies and property destruction but it does produce a perverted moral sense. It is the denial of the recognized principal that the return which a man receives *from* society must be in some way commensurate with the contribution which he makes *to* society. Gambling encourages people to think that an easy living can be made by being lucky enough to hold the right ticket. When this principle gets into the souls of enough people, the structure of our society is undermined.

If it is "the unrecognized admission of shared guilt" which stands in the way of the enforcement of our anti-gambling laws, the solution is surely one of more education and more enforcement, and the strengthening, rather than the relaxing of the present laws.

Blenheim, Ont. JAMES C. EASTCOTT

Royal Tour

YOUR CORRESPONDENT Jon Prychick, fearful lest you devote space to the Royal Tour says he "cannot bear to read about them for six straight months."

It strikes me as being a nasty little letter, a mean effort to discredit, and lessen interest in the arduous journey undertaken with a high sense of duty to the Commonwealth by the Queen and the Duke. This journey calls for our blessing and goodwill, and the least we can do is to watch its progress with interest . . .

Toronto THOMAS H. LANT

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SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 69, NO. 12 WHOLE NO. 3164

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The Backward Glance

A "Saturday Night Christmas" 1899

SATURDAY NIGHT, 54 years ago, published a Christmas supplement which we are going to review for this Christmas issue of the magazine. The format was much smaller than the magazine was then; it was printed on fine glossy paper, contained 64 pages, sold for 50c, and was reminiscent, down to the advertising and illustrations, of old copies of *Chatterbox, Chums,* and *The Boys' Own Annual* that used to come our way on Christmas mornings twenty years later. We use the comparison nostalgically, for to us Christmas memories somehow always include those fine old books, plus Meccano sets, toques, leather mitts, sweater coats, and, strangely, that miraculous toy of our childhood, the Sandy-Andy.

Most of the supplement was taken up by short stories, of the type that flourished around the turn of the century. The stories were quite childish in construction, and today would be relegated to children's books, or what we now choose to call, for some strange reason, Juveniles. They dealt with a sham murder in a saloon, an Indian woman who was brought up in a mission, the legitimate hanging of a murderer on the frontier, the finding of a doll in the snow by a poor little girl, the death in a hospital of a young, dissolute tragedian, a Cree warrior who captures a Blackfoot brave, and a girl who searched for a husband, only to marry the coal man. No adult would care to read these stories today, but they must have been wonderful fifty years ago. Perhaps it isn't the fault of the stories at all, but only that we have grown too wise and based for honest, simple things.

There were two fine color illustrations in the Christmas book, "On The Humber Near The Old Mill," by G. Chavignaud, and "The Buffalo Hunters," by the cowboy artist, C. M. Russell. Another fine drawing showed the Canadian lynx, and the editor appended to it a few paragraphs under the title, "Wild Animals In Canada." In this he tried to prove that 75 per cent of the Canadian population had never seen a wolf or any other wild animal other than deer, rabbit and groundhogs, and that most people in this country would never see a wild lynx in their lives. That statement may still be true, for all we know, but wolves are quite plentiful today, not only in the far north, but also in Southern Ontario. We have never seen a lynx, but our father-in-law and his sons have seen them on several occasions in the Quebec woods. Perhaps, due to conservation methods, the wild animal is coming back into its own in Canada.

One of the advertisements in the Christmas supplement made us think that we had been born thirty years too late. It was sponsored by the Ontario Bureau of Mines, and was headed, "Mining Lands of Ontario." In it the Province offered over 120,000 square miles of Northern Ontario mining territory, almost for the asking. Here is what the intrepid young prospector or homesteader could get in 1889: "Crown lands may be purchased at a rate varying from $2.00 to $3.50 an acre, according to distance from a railway, and whether or not they have been already surveyed; or they may be leased for ten years at $1.00 per acre for the first year and 15 cents to 30 cents for subsequent years. The purchaser or lessee is required to expend $1.00 per acre in development work during the first two years, and $1.00 per acre during the next five years, or an equivalent in less time. At the end of ten years, if a lessee has paid his rent and done the required work, he receives his patent without further payment and free from working conditions." We'll dash off a letter right now to the Department asking for 100 acres of land right where the Hollinger Mine stands.

A full-page black and white drawing, titled "The Broncho Girl," shows a girl, complete with flowing dress, petticoats, corsets, and camisole, riding a bucking horse side-saddle. That's what we said, side-saddle. The girls of the Golden West may have been shrinking violets who longed for buttons and bows, but not if this picture is a true illustration of their prowess. We'd like to see any of the sombrero'd, Levi-wearing, rodeo-riding show girls of today ride an unbroken broncho side-saddle.

On the contents page SATURDAY NIGHT drew a list of Canadian statistics, hopes and achievements, and we are going to list them for you here. They are over fifty years old, but most of them are still true today.

"The trade of Canada is approaching $350,000,000 per annum.

"The population of this country cannot be less than six millions.

"The opportunities for settlement on the vacant lands of Canada will not be exhausted when a hundred million people are resident in this country.

"By square miles Canada exceeds all of the territory of the United States, excepting Alaska.

"If Canada were tipped over the North Atlantic Ocean, it would cover it and lap about three hundred miles into Europe.

"The Dominion can afford an ample meat supply for every British country.

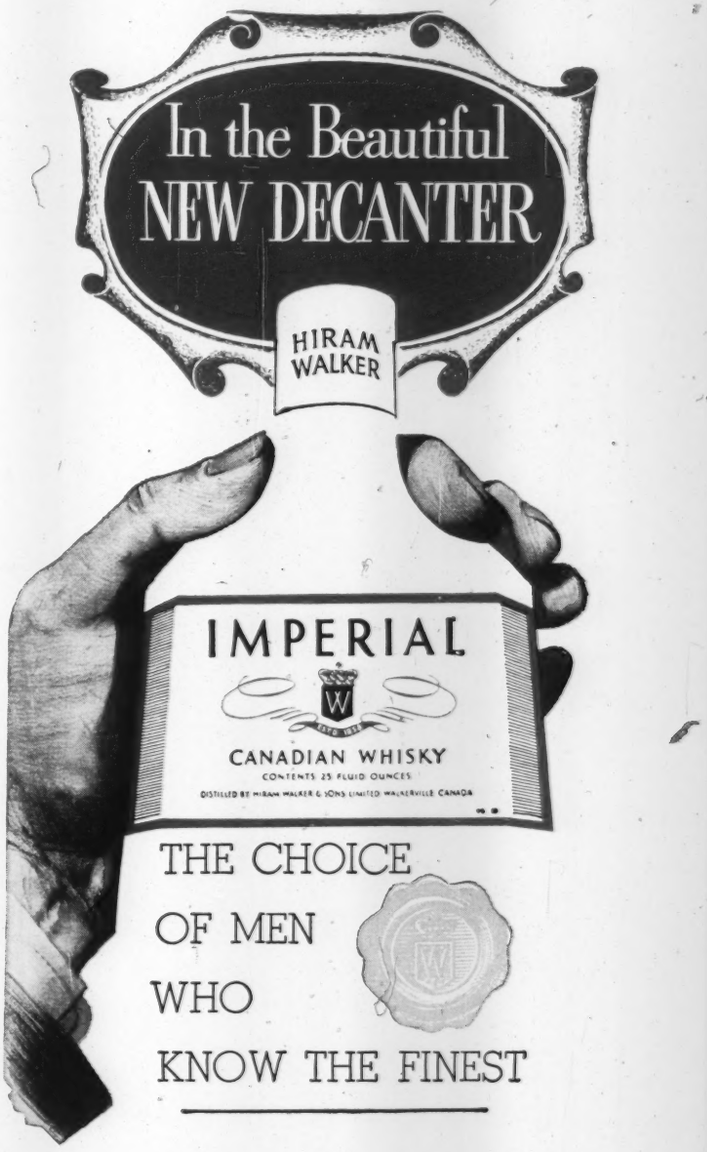
"Canada can produce enough wheat to supply the British Isles.

"Within five years Canada expects to be the world's greatest gold producer.

"There is nothing which cannot be produced or obtained by Canada at the smallest possible cost. The British flag does not fly over a land so blessed in cheapness of living, peaceableness of possession, or in the possibilities of having all that the world can afford, as Canada does today.

"In this country, when the maples in the autumn turn to gold, everything turns to gold, to plentifulness, to happiness, to long rest after toil, and to all the blessings which the Almighty has ever showered upon any land."

It is our Christmas wish that the final paragraph will apply to you this Christmas, and for many more to come.



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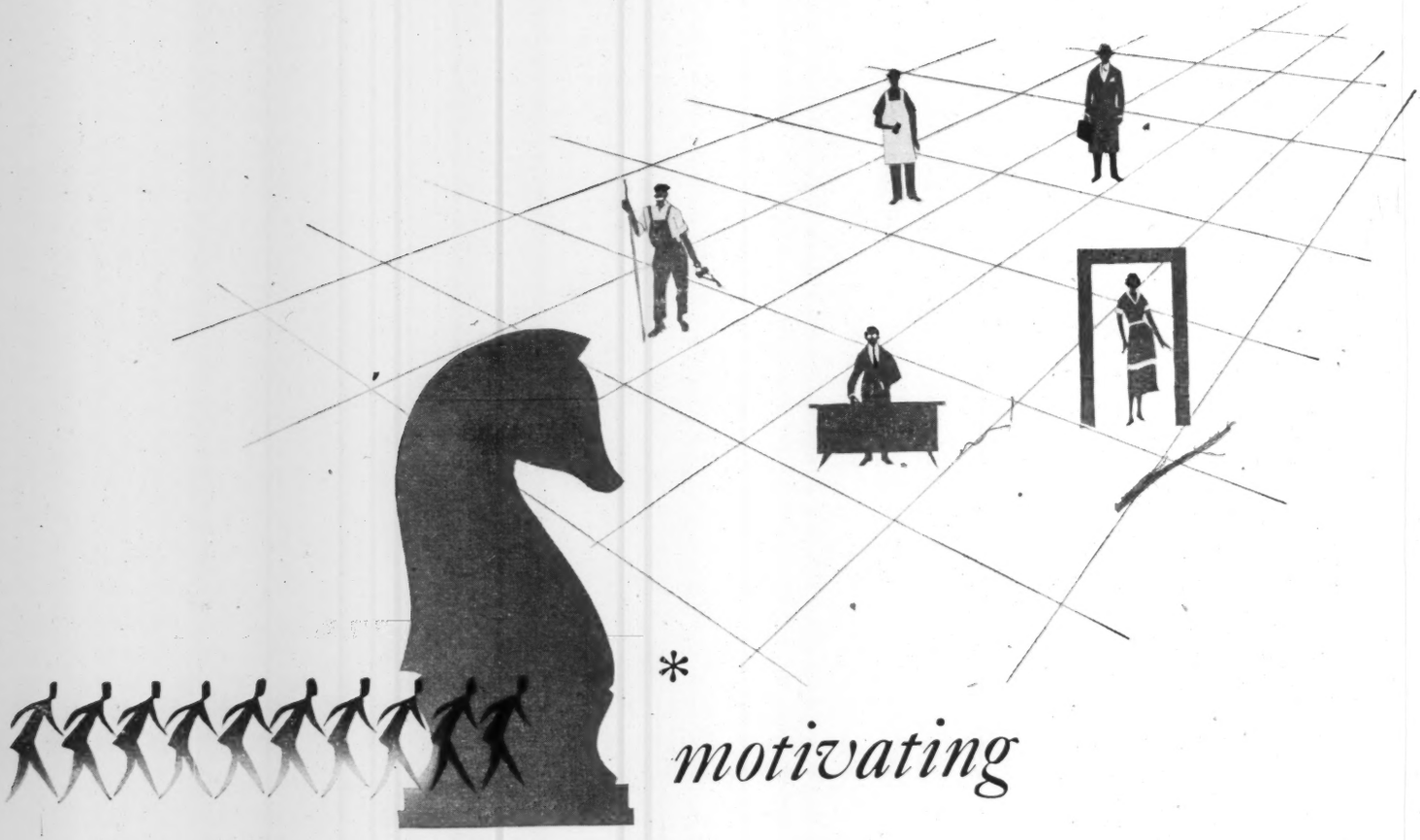

* *motivating people is our business*

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SATURDAY NIGHT PRESS

* *from idea to action*